

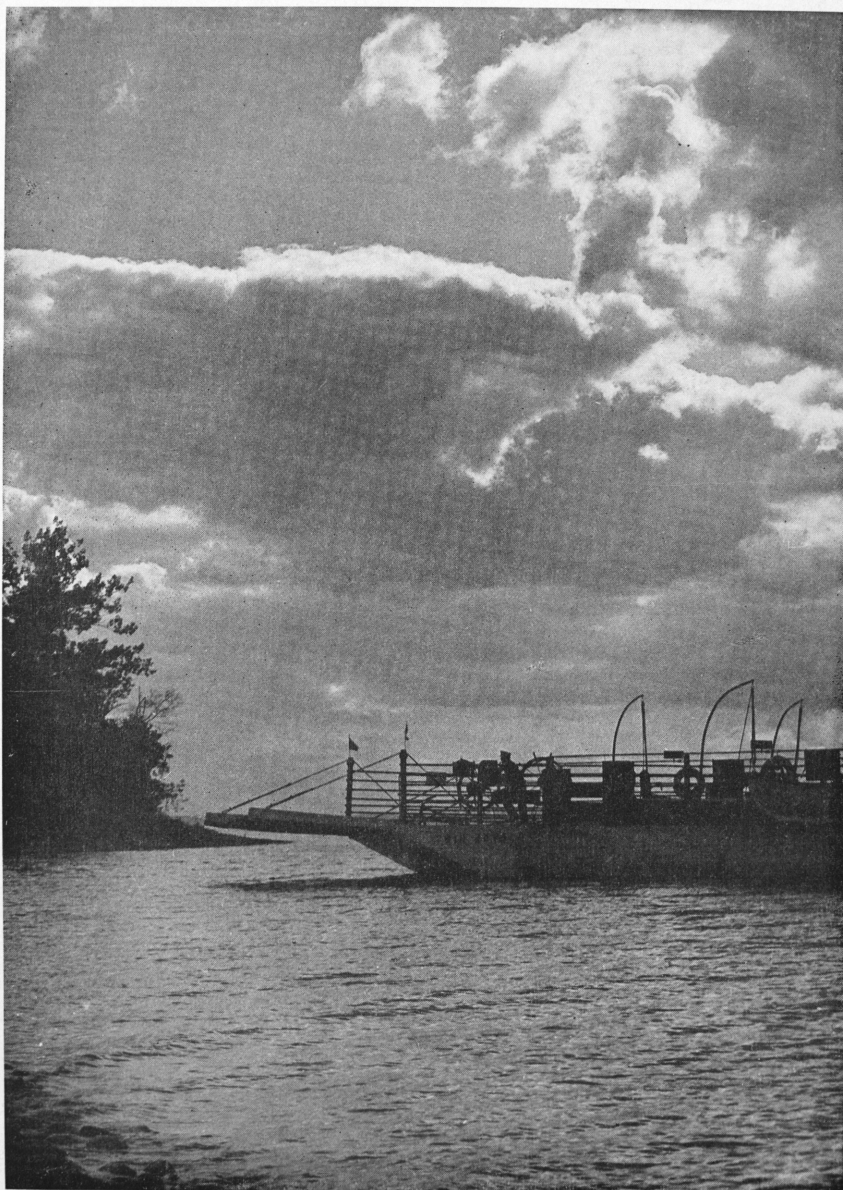
THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE NEWS LETTER

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Champlain Ferry

Subjects and Predicates

Tea at 4

Because the trustees half a century ago failed to hold one mid-year meeting (in violation of the charter), the College got into a frightful misunderstanding over coeducation which hasn't been entirely cleared up yet. Who knows what impending disaster awaits us from another violation of the charter which has been occurring annually for 137 years. Specifically, the charter, signed and sealed by Governor Tichenor, among other things calls for the appointment of a college butler. And all these years the specification has been overlooked, disregarded, or rejected. We want a butler. We picture a quiet, keen-witted naturalized Londoner who has on his record brief apprenticeships with several embassies, Buckingham Palace and the Cunard White Star line (first class). His accent is a cross between that common among the upper crust of Bristol, England, and the under crust of Bristol, Vermont. So impeccable a butler, so everywhere-at-once, so apparently-appearing-from-nowhere that one would not associate him with living quarters or kitchens. We see him sprinting informally, coat tails flying, between Forest Hall and Hepburn, bent on arriving in time to make a collected entrance with the Sunday noon rooster—midst a chorus of Etonian cheers. We see him passing cookies at an extended afternoon meeting of the faculty or borrowed for a sewing bee of faculty wives balancing a tray of fine Wedgewood in one hand, gripping a wad of yellow darning cotton in the other. We like to picture him arriving at our office promptly at four with a pot of Jasmine or Oolong and a box of English ovals, or perhaps

we'd be invited to a 4:30 *tete a tete* in the comparative anatomy laboratory. The founders of the College knew best. They knew that a butler gives an air of gentry to a college, an atmosphere of leisureliness, a certain something that we've been missing all these hundred and thirty-seven years. We need a butler.

In and Out

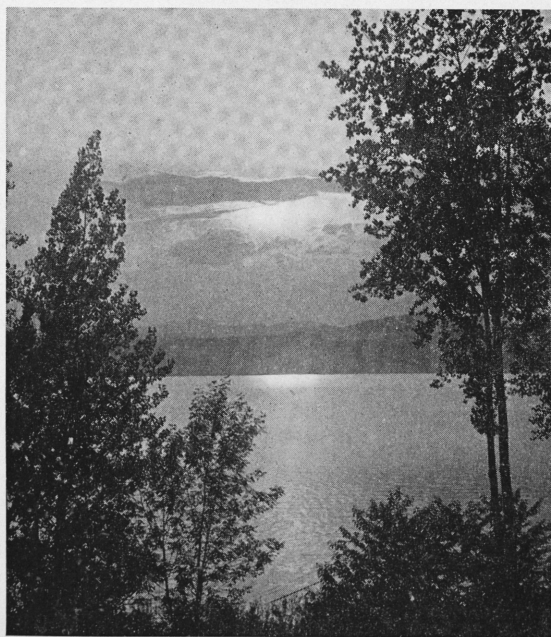
Four years ago it took fifteen lines in the college catalogue to list the extracurricular societies at Middlebury. They will all be listed in the next edition in about ten. For years a lot of organizations have been petering out, existing largely in name. It was getting so that nobody was anybody unless he belonged to at least one "honorary" society. The honor got more and more diluted, the purpose more and more vague, elections more and more mixed up with fraternity politics. Delta Tau, Sages, and Banshees went out a long

time ago, to be replaced by Blue Key and Mortar Board. More have been crossed off the list without substitutions. All organizations have to be licensed by the Student Life Committee and the Committee has now taken a hand in dropping all those poising on the edge of nothing. Blue Key, Waubanakee, and the Varsity "M" Club are being "reorganized." The next catalogue will omit Tau Kappa Alpha, Kappa Phi Kappa, Wig and Pen, and the Flying Club.

Oh, they'll come back sooner or later in some guise.

Come North

Murray Hoyt, '27, has just produced the soundest idea on record for alumni vacationists. On Owl's Head Harbor, two miles north of Champlain bridge, he has built a string of nine colonial lodges as a start on a summer refuge for Middlebury graduates who want to get back near their undergraduate proving-ground for a few weeks, but don't want to be bothered with classes in French, Italian, Spanish, or German. Mr. Hoyt even promises not to have field days, aquatic races, or camp inspection. Each lodge is located by itself and constructed to accommodate four people—less if you choose—and has bedrooms, sitting room, and hotel plumbing. Privacy is guaranteed. You can smoke your pipe on your own porch and watch your own sunset over the Adirondacks and lake. You can even paddle your own canoe and there is a twenty-acre campus for solitary strolls. But to ban any ascetics Mr. Hoyt insists on everyone's dining at a central hall. Owl's Head is only about sixteen miles from Middlebury, easy commuting



Owl's Head Harbor

distance to a college lecture or musicale. For stay-at-homes there will undoubtedly be campfires, Middlebury songs, and tall Middlebury stories.

Cacophony

Not to be outdone by English and C.C. boners, Professor Hathaway submits a collection of dissonances from the Music Department.

During Bach's time, the music of the church was "run down" and so he was hired by the Pope to write some music for the church, so he wrote the "Well Tempered Clavichord."

A good example of program music is Chopin's "Revolutionary Sonata."

Oratorio is a solo for two pianists.

"The Erklung" was written by Wagner and was a god of power under the Rhine.

A concerto is a piano playing with an orchestra.

Mozart died of ill health.

A sharp makes a note sweeter and also makes it more solemn.

Chopin's songs are mostly cradle songs.

A cadenza is a solo used as an ending when a player can pass away the time. A concerto contains "now and then" a cadenza.

Bayreuth—a character in Wagner's opera.

Bayreuth—one of the early writers of the scientific classical school.

A capella—a composition by Liszt.

Nocturn—a composition with many 9ths.

Art Song—music usually sung by a large church chorus.

Canon is where three voices imitate a fourth and was the invention of Pope Gregory.

Bach executed his music on a "Well Tempered Clavichord."

As proof that orchestral and choral brain children have a tendency to miscarry in institutions outside of the Music Studio, Professor Hathaway also submits for comparison a sample of boners from other sources.

Syncope is an accent on a note that is not in the piece.

Beethoven wrote the "Anvil Chorus" because he was inspired by a blacksmith.

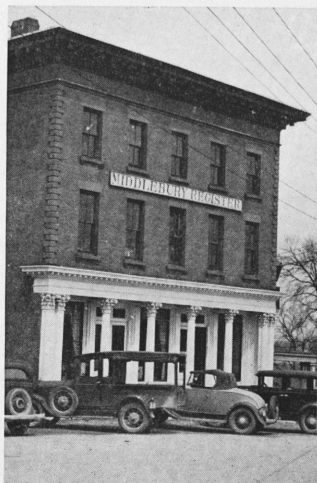
A sound vibration can only be heard when it makes a noise.

A bassoon is one of those long windy instruments that grows longer as it grows wider.

Wagner was a newspaper man in his early life. He published "The Evening Star."

Use North Door

We wrote about the old Chipman barn a while back and a few days later a twister blew up the valley and leveled it. We did a piece on "Mayor" Rich and in no time the village voted in a Town Manager. "Ed" Lockwood left his night watchman's job while his *News Letter* story was in galley form, took over a restaurant in town



Formerly the American Publishing Co.

and suddenly died last winter. The Dog Cart was mentioned in the last issue and presto Jack Swanson is required to move his location. So we hesitate to mention the Register Company plant lest our spell cause further catastrophe. Until four or five years ago Joseph Battell's modest thirty-foot sign "American Publishing Company" reached across the north side of the Register building. Since it was removed change after change has occurred within its walls. As editor of the local sheet Merritt replaced Tobin, Markley replaced Merritt, and in 1934 Wilder Foote replaced Markley. The *Bristol Herald*, the *Brandon Union* and the *Middlebury Register* are now all affiliated—a start on a sort of Gannett chain. The Register has picked up considerably under Mr. Foote and is really as newsy and well written a weekly as can be found in Vermont. The centennial issue a year ago even brought response from men like Roosevelt, Hoover, Landon, Knox, Lippman, Al Smith, Borah, and Sinclair Lewis.

Ex-undergraduate journalists of the younger generation will get a brand new surprise this Commencement when they return to find the lower facade of the building painted a pleasing white. One is even made aware of the Corinthian-rococo columns. Members of an older generation will

undoubtedly be less impressed, for they will recall that previous to 1901 when Battell purchased the building it housed a department store, an early small town adaptation of the Macy idea, groceries on one side with hardware, clothing and notions on the other. That accounts for the two entrances which always were causing trouble for printing clients. A hard and fast rule enforced not always agreeably by Typographer "Mike" insisted on use of the north door ONLY. When you call at the plant this June you'll at last have to use the north door; otherwise you'll enter a restaurant. Jack Swanson and the Dog Cart menu have moved into the south side.

NYA

The College annually gets from the State of Vermont \$7200 to be applied toward scholarships. From the National Youth Administration budget comes another \$11,340. The major difference between the two gifts is that the State doesn't make students work for their money and Washington does. Sixty undergraduates get assistance from Vermont and about eighty-four each month from NYA. In fact the United States Government practically turns worthy applicants for aid into chore boys and girls. And the assortment of chores this year spread over the whole area of college offices, departments, grounds and extra-curricular activities. Jobs varied from taking motion pictures to clipping the *New York Times*, from decorating entrance rooms at the Play House to salting down material for future debating teams; collecting data on the economic history of the State to arranging fine arts exhibits; mounting French posters to correcting papers; repairing orchestra scores to arranging the Sheldon coin collection; from forming cub scout packs to preparing finance tables.

Manual projects are in a class by themselves and include such work as cutting brush, clearing ski trails, shoveling snow, grading, road repair, constructing drains, assisting with observatory erection, painting, and building fences.

We'll be running in competition with Antioch yet.

Poor Father

"Father Went to College" was generously reviewed in book columns from Albany to Portland, Oregon, and from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles. A few of the reviewers read the book and others did masterful jobs at paraphrasing the jacket blurb. The *Kansas City Star* branded the history—"a worthwhile footnote to the history of American education" and concluded that Middlebury must be a "robust institution." The *Plymouth (Mass.) Memorial* "put down the book stirred to fresh interest in the colorful growth of our colleges" and was particularly impressed by "the coherent drama in reputedly staid mechanism"—whatever that means. The *Salt Lake City Utah Tribune* burst forth with glowing praise, then observed that the history of Middlebury is no more "significant than the history of Salt Lake high school."

One western reviewer turned up a lot of new information about the college, explaining how Chipman felled trees on the "site of the city" and how Middlebury and Burlington struggled over the site of a state college until it finally was built on Chipman Hill.

The *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Springfield Republican*, and the *Pittsburgh Press* got the most excited about the book, averaging over a column apiece and claiming grandly: "A lively contribution to the saga of higher education in America" (*Christian Science Monitor*), and "It is a readable, engaging, delightful book . . . the sprightliness of the narrative and the atmosphere, color and historical account of a typical frontier college make it of unusual interest and importance. . . . Mr. Lee's subject, his approach, his activity and touch are capable of sounding the Mystic Chords of Memory stretching from every heart to a generation of college mates and their common Alma Mater all over this broad land, and anyone who has experienced it may live his college years over again in this book." (*Pittsburgh Press*.) And that's not all the sentence either.

Fire on Mt. Nebo

Among the extra-curricular activities of Professor Voter is a trusteeship in

the Battell Park on Chipman Hill. In fact he is the instigator of most of the developments on the 150 acre tract: ski jump, road to the crest, tower, campsite, toboggan chute, slalom runs, trails, and plantings. All this spring citizens have been worrying about daily fires appearing suddenly on any part of the hill. Truth is, Professor Voter, with P.W.A. help, has really been converting the hill from a forest into a Park. All the underbrush and lower dead branches have been cut away and burned and the latest innovation is bridle paths.

Caution

Deadline, May 15. Space is limited. The field house is still an architect's dream. Possibly it would be best to list only the sports victories this season.

	Baseball	
Middlebury 9	R. P. I.	0
	Tennis	
Middlebury 6	St. Lawrence	0
Middlebury 9	Springfield	0
	Golf	
Middlebury 3	Union	3
Middlebury 6	St. Lawrence	0
	Track	
Middlebury 69½	Boston Univ.	65½

Coup de Maitre

What the college lost in athletic victories this spring was more than compensated in musical and dramatic triumphs. First on April 26th the college orchestra and choir, under the direction of Mr. Harold Frantz, gave a joint concert, featuring Mozart, Bach, and Tschaikowsky, that swept aside all previous records for quality. But the record was short-lived. Four days later it was eclipsed by a production of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," conducted by Mr. H. Ward Bedford. Over a hundred students and townspeople, who compose the new Choral Society participated.

There were four brilliant voices in the quartet of soloists: Prudence Fish, soprano, who interrupted her sabbatical at Oberlin to come east; Elizabeth Krueger, contralto; Joseph Lautner, tenor; and G. A. Lehman, baritone, but the quality of voice in the chorus of one hundred did not for a moment suffer in comparison. Frequently an amateur-produced oratorio makes a long evening, but no musical program

given at Middlebury in recent years has been more vital, more finished than "Elijah," in spite of the fact that all the soloists and chorus had not had one complete rehearsal together.

Professor Goodreds added another major event to Middlebury stage history two weeks later with his revival of the 19th century melodrama "Gold in the Hills." The principal source of humor in the melodrama is the presence of lines which have long since become stock bromides: "He ain't done right by our Nell," "Lips that have touched liquor shall never touch mine," "Honeyed words whispered into the ears of an innocent girl," "Beneath this flannel shirt beats an honest heart," and "The old home ain't been the same since our Nellie went away." Staging a play compounded of such proverbial remarks brings up some of the usual difficulty of producing as familiar lines of Shakespeare. But under the direction of Professor Goodreds the result was classic.

The play was the opening feature of the 30th annual Junior Week and it was the one bright spot in the festivities this year. Hardly was the play over when a nor'easter set in, and for the rest of Junior Week, day and night, it poured such torrents of rain as have not been seen since the fall of '27. The baseball diamond and track became lakes. Even the traditional rope pull was drowned out of the schedule. Seven hundred and twenty-one students slept for two days.

Postmasters Only

The *News Letter* is edited by W. Storrs Lee, '28. The Editorial Board is composed of Edgar J. Wiley, '13, and Frances H. C. Warner, '05, who prepare the alumni and alumnae notes; Mrs. Dorothy Purdy, '22, and D. Howard Moreau, '20. Mr. Wiley also has charge of the business interests.

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Hasta el Cielo

By ELIZABETH PEASE FELT, '31

I DIDN'T want to go to Spain! Germany or a small Swiss village seemed far more secure for the summer. "But," my husband reminded me, "one studies Spanish in Spain, not in Germany or Switzerland."

True! I had forgotten momentarily the object of the trip. My mind was too full of disquieting rumors, too concerned with stories of Spanish disturbances, even atrocities, reported from widespread sections of the country.

In the face of all this, my husband's attitude of complete unconcern brought some small comfort. "What country," he wanted to know, "is not having disturbances these days?"

And he was right! A year ago he had sailed for Europe under the shadow of Ethiopian war clouds. During the winter he had watched with growing apprehension the restlessness around him, had felt the tension reach its climax in Germany's bold reoccupation of the Rhineland.

Yet nothing had happened. Europe, at heart, seemed desirous of peace.

Temporarily reassured, I yielded to this reasoning and we headed south.

In Barcelona we heard on all sides that proud, independent Catalonia was doing well. In reply to our questions concerning strikes, the answer was always the same: "We are not the only country suffering strikes." Having recently been without meals, taxi and hotel service in France because of labor trouble, we agreed heartily.

We entrained for Zaragoza. Was it due to my imagination that there seemed to be large numbers of military men aboard the train? Was it merely fancy that everywhere the political discussions appeared over-animated? A business man riding in our compartment argued with his neighbor, "But why do you always say 'Viva la república'? Why not 'Viva la España'?" We wondered too.

At midnight on the first day of July we arrived in Madrid. The taxi dropped us a block from our hotel, and we cautiously picked our way through gulleys, and over rocks, in a completely

disrupted street. A workman's strike of six weeks duration had left this inhospitable entrance to the Hotel Londres, near the Puerta del Sol. We waited for the elevator boy, only to be told that he, too, was on strike. So we walked to our room on the "Segundo," which to Americans means fourth floor, despite the optimistic numbering of the Spaniards.

We spent two peaceful weeks in beautiful, blue-skied Madrid. We changed our residence from the hotel to a private family. My Spanish vocabulary rose from "peseta" and "cuanto" to a conversational level. We made many friends. Care-free and happy among these generous, friendly people, we laughed away each new day. True, we observed the strong current of restlessness, and we realized it was only a matter of time before this unrest would culminate in something more serious. But the weather was so perfect, the city was so fascinating, the people were so kind—

Then followed in quick succession the assassination of Castillo, a government lieutenant, and the murder of Sotelo, a Fascist Deputy; the appearance of posters announcing a state of alarm—no political meetings to be held, no discussions in cafés, no gathering on street corners, no carrying of fire-arms. In answer to our queries, Señora only replied: "We've had a state of alarm ever since the Republic was formed. Do not worry." That was easy advice to follow, for we were intoxicated by Madrid life.

Finally, on the eighteenth day of July, a rumor reached Madrid to the effect that the army had revolted in Morocco. "A fantastic rumor," everyone said. That morning we mailed a letter to America saying that all was calm.

In the evening we went out, after our ten o'clock dinner, to see a movie at El Capitol. The theater, the finest in the city, was practically empty! I ventured the suggestion that perhaps it was too cold for the Madrileños. (It was, indeed, down to about 75° by one o'clock.)

After the movie we wandered along the Gran Vía, looking for a Saturday night crowd. The streets were deserted; the cafés were empty.

We finally found a meager handful of imbibers in the café of the Hotel Gran Via, and there we sadly seated ourselves for our cervezas.

About two-thirty in the morning we began to think of home, and decided to walk. We followed the narrow Calle Hortaleza where we met numerous men in blue work-clothes. What was the attraction on this side street? Perhaps it was worth investigating. But then ahead, we saw that a taxi had been stopped. As we drew nearer, we saw that the occupants were standing in the street, being searched; and then that two young men in overalls were doing the searching; that pistols flashed in their hands; and red bands were tied around their arms. A group of men and women surrounded the car, watching the fun. We slipped through the group unnoticed.

"Queer business," thought I, and breathed a sigh of relief that we were not detained. We rounded a bend, and there ahead of us were more gentlemen of the same description. Two guarded the road, and two hovered about the sidewalk. I thought of the extra pesetas which we had slipped into the purse before leaving the house, and I wished that I might swallow my diamond ring. Two rifles covered us, and for the first time in my life I looked down the business end of a gun.

"Manos arriba!" We learned the etiquette rapidly, and our hands were elevated in short order. We were frisked. Suddenly it occurred to the boys that we were foreigners. We assured them that we were "norteamericanos,"—a magic word. Immediately they lowered their

guns, begged our pardon, and told us to go on. Without argument we accepted the invitation. As if to spur us on our way, a shot rang out in the distance.

Farther on we met a traffic policeman who looked as bewildered and as scared as we felt. Only the friendly "serenos," going about their nocturnal duties as watchmen, seemed calm and undisturbed. We negotiated two more guarded corners where every pedestrian and vehicle, in-

cluding streetcars, was being searched.

At home, Señora, in negligee, was waiting and worrying about us. News had come to her late in the evening that a state of war existed throughout Spain, and that the city was in the hands of civil militia!

So this was the culmination of the unrest; this was the outcome of the assassinations and the state of alarm. The rumor of the revolt in Africa had been true. "Viva la república" and "Viva la España" had indicated the two philosophies of a divided country.

From this point on, firing was a constant accompaniment to life in Madrid. At times it was sporadic; at times, heavy and deafening. For a while I couldn't believe that it wasn't just a jolly Fourth of July, with firecrackers and cannon.

We were now taken into the bosom of the Spanish family with whom we were living. We soon learned that our friends were Fascists, and it was brought home to us forcefully that Señora, formerly connected with a titled family by marriage, was listed as "royalty."

Deeply religious, our hostess braved the dangerous streets the last two mornings before



Air Raid

the closing of all churches, in order to pray at a little church nearby. From then on she prayed in a corner of her bedroom where a light burned constantly over the head of Christ. We saw her name listed in the paper among the generous donors to the Red Cross, and learned that she had carried her donation in person. Utterly unselfish, her prayers and thoughts were for the wounded and dying, for her country which was wounded, and perhaps dying—never for her own safety.

Despite all this she was “an enemy of the Republic.” Every knock at the door during the next few days carried a fatal import.

Sunday the nineteenth dawned quiet and calm in the city, though firing had continued throughout the night. We heard a burro bray optimistically, but his forecast was wrong, for by noon activity had returned to the streets. Cars of all descriptions, filled with armed laborers, tore about patrolling the city. The hoods were draped with red flags, and the tops were covered with mattresses to break the force of shots fired from above. Rifles, leveled at pedestrians, bristled from both sides of the cars, and at times were held vertically to cover the balconies. We later learned that all cars in the city had been commandeered—rich man, merchant man, and salesman alike. The proletariat were having “their day.” Some never had traveled by limousine before, and others were at the wheel for the first time. Laughing and honking gayly, they paraded up and down in cars big and small, sporty and aristocratic. As these autos passed, the pedestrians—perhaps their owners—raised their fist in the Popular Front salute, or simply in indication that they carried no arms. The triggers were released if the salute didn’t come fast enough.

For us, who occasionally ventured onto the balcony, the rifles were no less menacing. We either ducked back at the sight of a “bristler”—a suspicious movement which would have unfortunate consequences if observed, or we stood brazenly in view with hands uplifted. At times we watched the street below by lying on our stomachs and working our necks back and forth, like a turtle emerging from and withdrawing into his shell. We soon learned that field glasses must not appear in public. To a young communist in a speeding motor car, such an object

would resemble a revolver. And it was always the practice to shoot when in doubt.

In addition to private cars, trucks filled with worker-soldiers, and others with uniformed militia, swelled the numbers of the motorized army. We saw for the first time the now famous girl-soldier. Dressed in blue overalls like her brothers, standing shoulder to shoulder with the men, she shouted and laughed as she waved her rifle, and challenged the crowd with clenched fist.

More private cars zoomed past, these occupied by Asturian miners, wearing mining helmets, and looking by far the most fiendish of all this war-mad populace. Occasionally a machine gun replaced the rifles. Red Cross ambulances and doctors’ cars, marked “Médico,” were the only humane figures in this mad parade. Sharp firing between roof-top snipers and street patrols would send us hastily retreating behind closed shutters. Then a lull in the activity would tempt us onto the balcony again. As darkness began to fall over the city, we saw in all directions billows of smoke, which indicated the burning of churches.

Sleep that night was broken. It was finally terminated at dawn by the tragic music of loud and steady firing—rifles, chattering machine guns, artillery and bombs. Airplanes droned back and forth over our house. Barely a half-mile away, the Cuartel de la Montaña (Mountain Barracks), filled with insurrectionists, was being successfully put down by the government men. This was a morning’s task, and by noon was completed, bringing a silence and tenseness that hurt our ears. A friend, living near the Barracks, telephoned us of the terrible massacre. Children were amusing themselves “playing war like daddy,” taking pot shots at the corpses with pistols.

After the siesta, which is observed religiously, war or no war, fireworks began again in earnest. Some volleys were so close that we all dashed for the hall or interior rooms. I moved my desk and bed away from the windows, for stray bullets were a serious factor in this war of novices. Then an authoritative knock at the door! It was a workman ordering us to take down all curtains from the windows, and to fold back all shutters, so that we couldn’t fire into the street from behind draperies! [Continued on page 19]

Mr. Jones Picks a College^{*}

By PEVERAL H. PEAKE

WE found Mr. Jones in a tavern in New London. He said he sold college text-books for Ginn, Mifflin and Brace and knew every hall of learning in New England. Just at that moment he was drinking ale mixed with some hard cider he'd bought out in the country. It was five years old and had brown sugar, raisins, prunes, cloves and yeast in it and had been buried in an alder swamp. Mr. Jones insisted that it was an alder and not a cedar swamp. He was exceedingly friendly and hospitable and volunteered to show us New London, but my friend was feeling low and inclined to weep. He wanted to be reassured that American colleges had not gone utterly to the dogs. Yale had lost the boat race, and he saw no hope for New England institutions. Where could he send Junior now that the bulldog was wheezy? He didn't want to send him out west, but it seemed to be the only thing to do. Mr. Jones comforted him.

"I'll tell you all about New England colleges. Then you can pick a place for Junior. What if he is only five now? These places don't change. I've got all these degree mills branded. I know 'em all from Colby to Yale and Vermont to Harvard. I know more about 'em than their own presidents do. I'll fix you up with the real McCoy."

Mr. Jones proceeded to sum up Puritan education. I present his remarks in a somewhat expurgated form, for, although he could use excellent English at times and was undoubtedly a keen observer, his language was often more vigorous than refined.

"Yale and Harvard; Harvard and Yale," he began. "Look and see whether you're in New Haven or Cambridge. That's the best way to tell 'em apart. One's in the city, the other isn't. Besides, Yale's got a Gothic Cathedral for a library, and it's got less light than a good old dungeon; Harvard's library's a marble shoe box. Harvard's got Memorial Hall, and when something hits you in the eye like Schmeling's right, you've seen it. Yale's got some cute little English dodads they call 'quads', and a limey told me

they just needed ivy, and grass, and buildings, and atmosphere to be dead ringers for the real thing. Then you want to remember that Harvard profs carry green cloth bags, and the Yale dope-slingers tote brief-cases. And that's all the difference in looks. Toss a coin and send the boy either place . . . he'll be just as hard to live with after four years. Harvard'll give him a tutor and an accent, and he'll enjoy Yale's weekends in New York and being a Jawbone and Sacro-iliac. I wouldn't send him to either unless I thought I could whale hell out of him if he got too snooty, and he will. Nice place though, Yale-Harvard—you can learn a lot there.

"And Brown; there's a funny place. Gets along real well in spite of more handicaps than any joint in New England. Doesn't quite know when it stopped being a college and got to be a university, and nobody else does. Faculty's either too highbrow and the boy's can't understand 'em, or full of whimsy-whamsy about giving a touch here and a touch there of culture. Then the buildings! You've got to see 'em to know life. Friend of mine counted twenty-five kinds of architecture, and ten in one building, and one big barn he never could dope out, so he took a picture of it and sent it to a museum. They wrote back thanking him for a fine example of a Tibetan monastery. They've got some good libraries . . . best in the country . . . only no student ever uses them. Every few years somebody gets all steamed up with ideas and tries to reform the college. He never does. Still, it's a good place in spite of itself. Junior won't get an accent or Beacon Hill fungi or New Haven fortitude. But how Brown does it is more'n I ever could figure out. I guess it's walking up the hills after a night at the Narragansett, or maybe it's the smell of Providence at low tide. You could send your boy to lots of worse places.

"Then there's Amherst and Williams or the other way round. One's in a valley, and the other's up higher, but no one ever knows which's in the onion fields. I've heard of fellows coming back after a hard weekend and landing in the wrong college and being there a month before

^{*}Reprinted from *Yankee Magazine*, published in Dublin, N. H.

they find out why things look a little strange. Nice places though in a way. They never fool themselves that they're universities; they're satisfied to be serene and dignified. Still they must give the boys some funny ideas. One told me he was at Willherst to be rather than do, to be moulded and not educated. He said a few words about making contacts for later life. Lots of old grads send their boys back to Willherst, and it likes to think it's exclusive, but you can get your boy in easy enough. When he's through he won't be any worse off than he'd have gotten anywhere else, and maybe he won't get engaged to a Mt. Holyoke girl.

"But Dartmouth's another breed o' cats. I know they've got a library for I've seen it and seen a book from it, but you'd think to hear the boys talk that all they had was a toboggan slide. Those kids would rather fall down hill on the seats of their pants and call it skiing than do anything else. The place makes me 'tray fatigay' as we used to say—it's too he-mannish. Just another home on the range in New England. Corduroys and snow suits instead of chaps and spurs. Faculty and kids both got the idea that a man's best friend is his muscle, and some of 'em go so far as to give you the old talk about a pure spirit in a pure body. Sort of what we used to call muscular Christianity—Galahad-Gene Tunney fellows on a bob-sled. Just wait until Frank Buchman finds out where Dartmouth is; it's the kind of place that'll be duck soup for him. But your kid'll be all right up there in the snow banks if he doesn't break his neck or have you buying slaloms or whatever else they have on Mt. Everest. And he'll get some ideas too. I've met quite a few Dartmouth fellows that weren't snowblind. But you'd better start him training right now if he's going there; it's no place for a kid with a weak back and broken arches.

"And Clark's another place that isn't human, only it's just the opposite from Hanover. Folks get its main building mixed up with the Royal Worcester Corset Co.'s factory that's near it, but Clark's place's worse. You ought to see its gym—worse than Brown's graduate dormitory, and both got cholera, the plague, athlete's foot, and distemper in the corners, and cockroaches eat the towels and the upholstered chairs. And besides not having any buildings, Clark hasn't got a song, or yell, or football team. But it's got

a library and some profs and one or two rooms to hold classes in. The kids go there to study and live downtown in Worcester and that city's no Holiness Chapel. Clark turns out more Ph.D.'s as compared with their A.B.'s than any other degree plant in the U. S., and Junior can go there and get an education and not be bothered with the side shows. Of course he may like to be in a Youth Hostelry rather than an institution of learning, so find out whether he gets through prep school without brain fever. Clark's no place for a boy who gets tired when he reads anything stronger than the Sattyvee.

"Now just to show you how well I know my stuff. Most people don't know there's a college in Connecticut called Wesleyan. Nice restful campus right next door to the State Insane Asylum. Once in a while the inmates get mixed up, but the students wear white shoes in winter, and the nuts put on galoshes. Wesleyan knows it isn't Columbia and doesn't act as if it were. Faculty there for life and don't get hetup over new schemes of teaching—just browse around and hand a book to a boy now and then. Not a hard thinking place like Clark or full of vitamins like Dartmouth—just quiet and the place for Junior if he's had a breakdown from overstudy or has found a chorus girl in New Haven. I know quite a few fellows from Wesleyan and they aren't worse than the others.

"And just up the river in Hartford you can find Trinity if you look hard. High Church and doesn't like for a boy to [Continued on page 21]



Fifteen Years--In Retrospect

By LEIGHTON T. WADE, '22, Lawyer, Hornburg, Andrews & Wade, Olean, N. Y.

FIFTEEN years ago, come this June, eighty-six young men and women, members of the Class of 1922, received their diplomas from the College and lightheartedly set about making their several ways in life. Of the men, four at least, had participated in military or naval service during the War, other than in Middlebury's own unit of the Students' Army Training Corps, the "S. A. T. C.", which bloomed and died in the fall of 1918. Except for those who saw service outside of Middlebury, the War had not materially affected the four years in College of members of the Class of 1922.

President Moody had concluded his first year as head of the College. Warren G. Harding was in his second year of office as President of the United States. Prohibition had ceased to be a reality except on the statute books, although, at that time, there was little drinking in college. Business had picked up following the post-war depression, and the spirit of the times was one of "Back to Normalcy." Jobs existed for all who wanted them. Teaching, as usual, claimed the most, but inducements offered by concerns like General Electric Company, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Swift & Company proved irresistible to four members of the class. Banking, advertising, brokerage, industrial chemistry, journalism, manufacturing, merchandising, agriculture, and matrimony took others. A handful elected to pursue advanced studies in chemistry, the ministry, medicine or law, but, in one or two cases, at least, not entirely because of a consuming thirst for knowledge. Seven members of the class located in or near New York City.

Several years passed. First familiar, then entirely new faces appeared at alumni gatherings. Conversation with the newcomers revealed a much broader range of undergraduate interests and activities than had existed in our day. The change was very much to the good. Notable among the new activities were those centering

about the College-sponsored Playhouse, and in literary effort generally. Where a few years before interest along these lines had been confined to a few persons lacking the necessary qualifications for athletic competition, dramatics, journalism and short story composition had since become activities of major importance. Even in the field of athletics, wider participation was being encouraged by the addition of an ice hockey rink and by construction of a number of good tennis courts. The French Château and Music Hall, enlarging the facilities of two departments in which the College had already made conspicuous advances, were being completed. Porter Hospital was another new and significant addition to the equipment of the College. The Glee Club, catching the spirit of enterprise, was including in each year's itinerary a long overdue tour of southern New England and New York.

Such impressive and far-reaching changes and improvements were entirely in keeping with the times. Optimism was rampant and expansion the order of the day. During the six-year administration of Calvin Coolidge, business had enjoyed a succession of prosperous years and, looking into the future, confidently expected even an improvement in these happy conditions. High prices and good wages prevailed. By means of tariff protection foreign competition in this country was under careful control, while abroad, a good market still existed for our goods. The discovery that we were footing the bill for the latter had not been made. It was only a question of reaching the bottom of the rainbow by the shortest possible route and that seemed to involve merely swifter production and more of it. America appeared, indeed, to be the land of destiny.

More and more graduates located in New York and still, without apparent overcrowding, good paying jobs awaited them. Those who had been at work since 1922 were emerging from

economic serfdom into a brief period of opulence that usually ended abruptly with marriage or a trip to Europe. And everyone was "in the market." The social lions and favorite luncheon companions were those attached to stock brokerage houses. Restaurant tablecloths took terrific punishment from computations of paper profits and speculation over the route by which today's \$500.00 would lay the foundation for next year's retirement in luxury.

Then came the Collapse. Here and there the immediate losses from the stock market break may have been large, although I heard of only one such case among the younger alumni. With the others the worst blow was realizing that Wall Street had declined to provide us with a nest egg for old age.

The changed economy that began in October, 1929, seemed in no great haste to assert itself. Business tried to act as though nothing had happened. The number who really believed that a general and lasting business depression was upon us must have been few. It is another instance of mankind's blessing in having the future concealed. Had all realized what was in store for us, and human nature being what it is, one can imagine that the *Haves* would have thrown up their hands in despair and abandoned the *Have Nots* to an even worse fate than was their lot.

When the full force of the depression finally struck, no one needed to be told that it was the real thing. Yet in terms of actual suffering, those who graduated during the last fifteen years have less to complain of than any other group of fifteen classes. All of the former are still "employable" in the economic sense, and are bound to find it easier to adjust themselves than older men and women. For those who have not been under the necessity of supporting others, the worst result of the depression has been, in most cases, a delayed start upon their life work. It should be somewhat consoling to them to realize that few of those who were steadily employed during the depression can yet boast of any marked improvement in economic standing.

It would be highly interesting to learn whether there have been any cases of prolonged unemployment among the younger alumni. It is

to be expected, of course, that many have experienced difficulty in securing exactly the type of work that they desired. It is also known that a goodly number have wisely taken a C. C. C. enlistment in preference to idleness. Another known fact is that, during the depression years, a steadily increasing number of college trained men and women have located in moderate sized communities. Not only have such places seemed better able than the large centers of population to absorb the annual output of colleges, but they have offered more of the Life Abundant for people earning small incomes.

But whatever are the facts in regard to unemployment during the last seven years, the College deserves high praise for its achievements in liberalizing the orthodox curriculum of a liberal arts course. Not only is this bound to enrich the lives of its graduates, and to help them find themselves with least delay, but in periods of slack employment it is the means of opening many new lines of occupation. The College is no longer subject to the complaint that it prepared one only for teaching.

Just where on the ladder of success the average member of the last fifteen classes now stands would be hard to say. Giving to the term "success" its time honored flavor, ownership of worldly goods, the number of those who have arrived must be small. This assertion is based on a careful study of the "Personal News and Notes" appearing from time to time in this very publication. As an index of prosperity it has been observed that the proportion of marriages and births to Florida and European outings therein reported is about 100 to 1. To clinch the argument, it might be added that you and I have yet to read of a Middlebury cinema star, and this challenge is open to all classes.

Fortunately, however, the term has a variety of meanings, depending upon the temperament—or perhaps more strictly, the pocketbook—of the definer. If measured by variety of experience, ability to overcome adversity and to earn a modest livelihood, for which definition much can be said, then most certainly the members of the last fifteen classes have done well. In marriages, births, changes in jobs and addresses, the same guide shows convincingly that we are still very much in the lead.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, JUNE 11TH

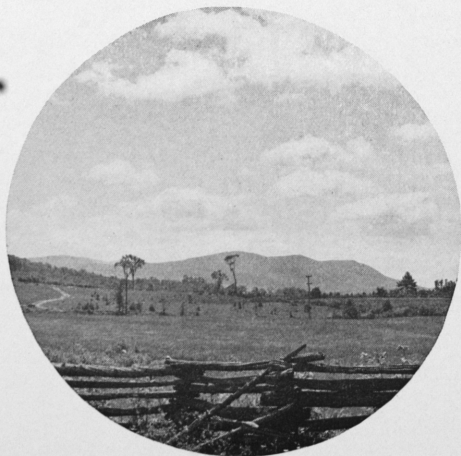
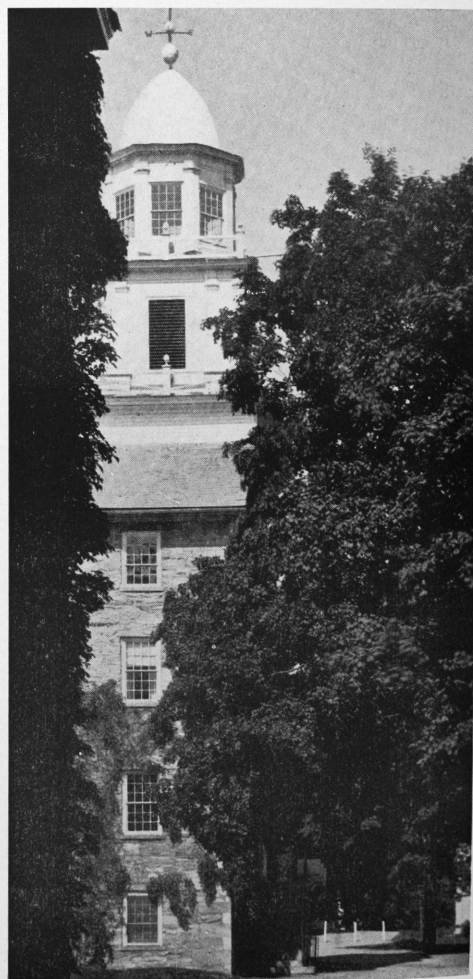
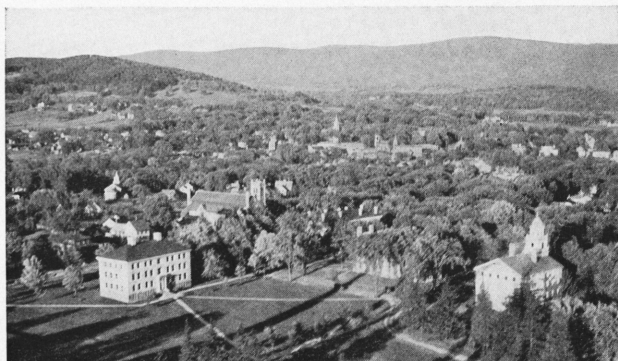
- 2:00 p. m. Registration begins in Egbert Starr Library.
 7:45 p. m. "School for Scandal," a comedy of manners, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, presented by the Department of Drama at the Playhouse. (75 cents.)
 9:00 p. m. Senior Ball, McCullough Gymnasium.
 2:00 p. m.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12TH

CLASS DAY — ALUMNI DAY

Registration all day at the Egbert Starr Library

- 9:00 a. m. Trustees' Meeting, Treasurer's Office.
 10:00 a. m. Class Day Exercises, Campus.
 11:00 a. m. Meeting of Alumni Council, Old Chapel.
 12:00 m. Meeting of Associated Alumni, Old Chapel.
 12:00 m. Meeting of Alumnae Association, Recreation Room, Forest Hall.
 1:00 p. m. Campus "Barbecue."
 2:00 p. m. Field Follies, Campus.
 4:00-6:00 p. m. Reception on the lawn of the President's Home, for members of the Graduating Class, Alumni, Faculty, and Friends of the College.



SATURDAY, JUNE 12TH (Continued)

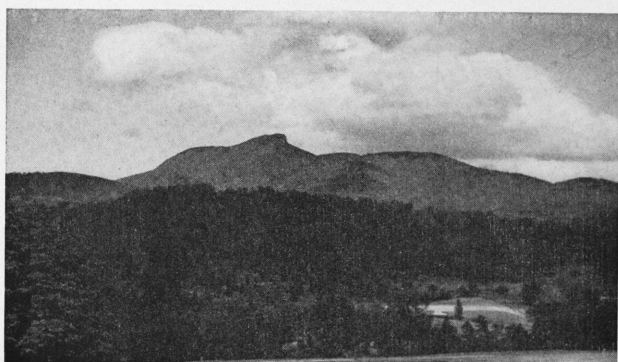
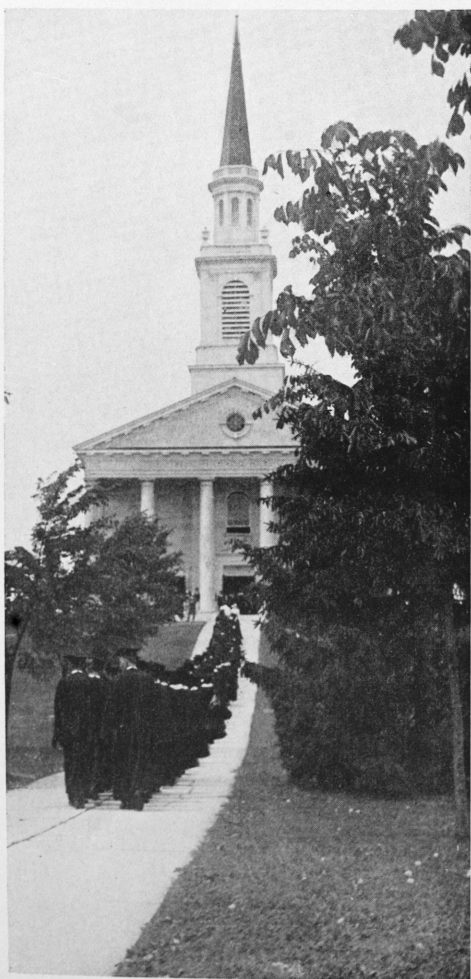
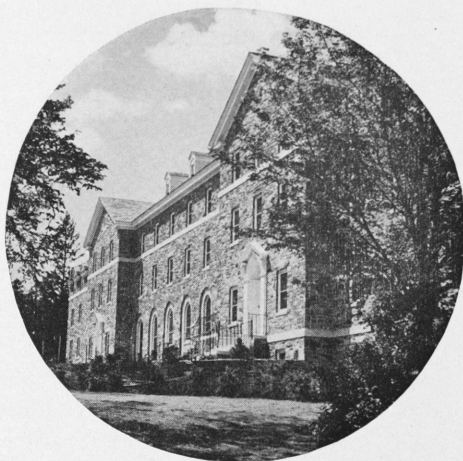
- 6:00 p. m. Class Reunion Dinners, as arranged by the Class Secretaries.
 7:30-9:00 p. m. Concert on the Campus, given by the College Band.
 8:30 p. m. "School for Scandal," a comedy of manners, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, presented by the Department of Drama at the Playhouse. (75 cents.)
 9:00-12:00 p. m. Annual Alumni Informal Dance, McCullough Gymnasium.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13TH

- 10:45 a. m. Baccalaureate Service, Mead Memorial Chapel.
 5:00 p. m. Twilight Musicales, given by members of the Department of Music, Mead Memorial Chapel.
 7:00 p. m. Step Singing, Arcade of Forest Hall.
 8:00 p. m. Fraternity Reunions, at the respective houses.
 8:00 p. m. Informal Reading, Abernethy Library.

MONDAY, JUNE 14TH

- 9:00 a. m. Meeting of Phi Beta Kappa, Old Chapel.
 10:00 a. m. Procession leaves Old Chapel.
 10:30 a. m. Commencement Exercises, Congregational Church. Address by J. Edgar Park, President of Wheaton College.
 1:00 p. m. Annual Commencement Dinner, McCullough Gymnasium.



The War Between Men and Women

By CHARLOTTE MOODY

When anyone asks, and people do ask, "Who is the best woman novelist?" everyone choruses happily "Virginia Woolf!" and everyone is right. Anyone is perfectly safe in saying, as I am saying now, that she is the best woman novelist since Jane Austen. She is a giant in the land. She writes with beauty, strength and authority. She has just finished a very fine novel, as good if not better than anything done previously.

The Years is about Time and the effect of its passage on a group of characters. The period covered is from 1880 to the present day. For readers who were a little frightened by *Orlando* and scared stiff by *The Waves* here is a restorative, for *The Years* is not "difficult." It will add to Mrs. Woolf's popularity and to the glory of her laurels.

It is precisely for this reason that it is legitimate to submit this novel to a test which it would be futile and unkind to bring to bear on most modern literature. *The Years* is a fine book and we are thankful for it; but it is not a great novel, viewed as art. Its limitations are feminine ones. Mrs. Woolf herself has gone into the question of why women have not been great writers in *A Room of One's Own*, and with such grace that it would be impertinent and foolish to go into it here. But the most real thing about *The Years* is Virginia Woolf and the way she writes. This is the way she writes:

It was raining. A fine rain, a gentle shower, was peppering the pavements and making them greasy. Was it worth while opening an umbrella, was it necessary to hail a hansom, people coming out from the theatres asked themselves, looking up at the mild, milky sky in which the stars were blunted. Where it fell on earth, on fields and gardens, it drew up the smell of earth.

Here a drop poised on a grass-blade; there filled the cup of a wild flower, till the breeze stirred and the rain was spilt. Was it worth while to shelter under the hawthorn, under the hedge, the sheep seemed to question; and the cows, already turned out in the grey fields, under the dim hedges, munched on sleepily chewing with raindrops on their hides. . . . A drunken man slipping in a narrow passage outside the public house, cursed it. Women in childbirth heard the doctor say to the midwife, "It's raining." And the walloping Oxford bells, turning over and over like slow porpoises in a sea of oil, contemplatively intoned their musical incantations. The fine rain, the gentle rain, poured equally over the mitred and the barcheheaded with an impartiality which suggested that the god of rain, if there were a god, was thinking. Let it not be restricted to the very wise, the very great, but let all breathing kind, the munchers and chewers, the ignorant, the unhappy, those who toil in the furnace making innumerable copies of the same pot, those who bore red hot minds through contorted letters, and also Mrs. Jones in the alley, share my bounty.

She is more real with wind, with rain, with time passing, than she is with people. Small externals:—Colonel Pargiter flicking cutlets on to plates, a girl lying awake on a hot summer night listening to the sound of dance music from a party down the street, people walking through streets in broad daylight, in evening dress, on their way to the opera—all the small, intense (and feminine?) observations are done with what is called "consummate art."

Not that this isn't enough, and more than enough, and far more than we usually get. But because this is an Important Book it seems necessary to say that it is sad rather than tragic, that this is art in terms of art and not art in terms of life.

Check Your Diploma

By THE EDITOR

IT'S an understatement, but we reiterate—Middlebury has changed. Alma Mother is no more what she used to be than the lean gray mare she used to ride behind. She has doffed her Victorian headgear and petticoats and in rapid succession donned middy blouse, bloomers and tam o'shanter, decided the outfit wasn't becoming,—and here she poses in 1937 with a prim hat on one side of her head, regaled in the latest summer fashions. She's conservative perhaps, but with an unmistakable air of genuine sophistication, remarkable for a lady of her age, a sponsor of sports and activities, but rather more keen for what she doesn't call the intellectual life.

Middlebury has changed and anyone who was graduated previous to about 1936 is tired of hearing about it. How has Middlebury changed? Longwell still heads the Biology department, Voter the Chemistry; Howard, Education; Burrage, Greek; Swett, Geography; Skillings, German; Perkins, Mathematics; White, Latin; Hathaway, Music; Cline, History; Harrington, Philosophy; Brown, Physical Education; and Professor Cady still gives his course in Shakespeare.

Is a 1937 diploma one whit more valuable than the one you possess? Are undergraduates today eking more out of Middlebury than you managed to eke? But before you answer, check through a list of a few courses that Miss Bristol probably didn't have to keep marks for when you were in college: Social and Advanced Psychology; Contemporary German Civilization; Administration of Public Recreation; Modern Physics; Emerson and Thoreau; Related Art; Political and Legislative Problems of the United

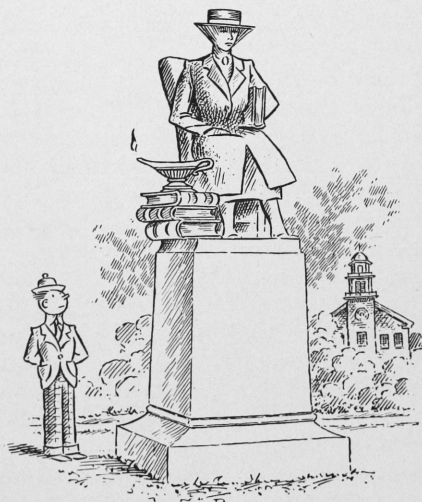
States; Literature of the Golden Age in Spain; History of Spanish Civilization; Mathematics of Finance; Theory and Methods of Statistics; Comparative Fiction; Greek Drama in Translation; Microscopy and Spectroscopy; Literary Criticism; Modern Drama; Play Production; Contemporary World Politics; Criminology; Social Efficiency; Constructive Philosophy; Musical History; French Civilization; Economic Thought and Modern Economic Tendencies.

These are all new since 1921 when the Reverend Paul D. Moody of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church left New York and headed north intent on making diplomas worth more. We don't need to go back further than 1921 to illustrate how a few of the ingredients of a Middlebury education have altered.

The buildings of the men's College were all here—Old Stone Row in its colonial reticence, Warner Science facing a sort of amputated library across the lower campus, the Hall of Chemistry, as it was then known, balancing McCullough gymnasium in the new quadrangle of "upper" campus, the five-year old Mead Chapel and Hepburn Hall completing the picture. All

stood without too great benefit of exterior decoration. The bleak, ample reaches between the newer buildings were broken by no recent plantings. During the long transitional seasons, autumn to winter and winter to summer, ugly swaths of Addison clay worn by the three upper classes stretched obliquely across campus from one building to the other. Amateur photographers found it difficult to flatter these buildings in that setting.

Across the road to the north, Pearsons Hall stood lonesomely on the crest of



Alma Mater, 1921

the hill overlooking the acres of unkempt marsh land known as Battell Campus. Hillside Cottage was a fair model of 1913 small-home suburban architecture. Battell Cottage, an old farmhouse converted into the first women's residence, stood comfortably under the evergreens south of Pearsons. Hillcrest was being considered for a French House while the real "La Maison Francaise de Middlebury College" was the Logan House in the center of town.

Back in 1811 a plan had been sketched for the original limestone row, but since that time marble had become the principal Vermont industry and Middlebury buildings must reflect this change. It was late to attempt an architectural tie among buildings faced respectively with rough limestone, polished marble, white clapboards, brick, and shingles.

The catalogue listed the permanent endowment at a million and three quarters. The faculty was made up of forty-seven members. Latin and Greek were still a *pièce de resistance* in the student bill of fare, the two departments together offering a total of twenty-four courses. There was a nice distinction between the French Department and the French School. They were "independently conducted," but "maintained reciprocal relations." There were no departments of Sociology, American Literature, Italian, Drama and Public Speaking, or Contemporary Civilization. It was distinctly a coeducational college with no great disparity in suffrage, 246 men and 248 women, the largest enrollment on record—and the home state of Vermont supplied an even 200 of them.

The great boom period was getting its first impetus, wages were rising, personal fortunes accumulating. People were ready to discredit the predictions of some economists that a far more serious panic than the one immediately following the war was due late in the 1920's. The business idealism advanced by Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson was being replaced by a spirit of recklessness. A short era of speculation had set in; alumni, students and friends of the

college were ready to speculate a little on Middlebury. It was not a coincidence that a successful million-dollar drive could be pushed through in 1922 and 1923.

The standards of living were rising. A car and a college education were two early prerequisites for the new standard. Son and daughter went to college, filling the dormitories all across the country, filling Middlebury dormitories. First the extracurricular standards changed to comply with father's new social status, and adjustments in the curriculum had quickly to follow. Father had joined the Rotary Club, a Golf Club; Mother was playing bridge. Their social counterparts came to Middlebury.

In one month, November, 1921, three new organizations sprang up, a Dramatic Club, a Spanish Club, and an English Club, and these were closely followed the first of the next year by a Philian Society for neutrals, Delta Omega Delta sorority and Sigma Phi Iota fraternity. The clubs were not entirely social, for the same year gave birth to the *Saxonian*. Then as prosperity lengthened its stride during the following years, fratern-

nities began moving from their past year's town dwellings to new campus ones. Delta Upsilon dedicated the first new house in June, 1923; Sigma Phi Iota purchased one on Weybridge Street and went national Sigma Phi Epsilon. A new fraternity Chi Kappa Mu affiliated with national Beta Kappa and took up another residence on Weybridge Street. The Deke house was reconstructed in '27 and the same year the new Chi Psi Lodge was started. The sororities, meanwhile, had been busy too: Alpha Chi became Kappa Kappa Gamma in 1923, and D.O.D., Phi Mu in 1924; and the same year Alpha Xi Delta was established.

Collegiate journalism found a new Messiah in *College Humor* in the early twenties and the *Blue Baboon* appeared on campus in 1923 to chronicle in due course the cause of gin, abbreviated skirts, rats, and bobbed hair, plus fours, the Charleston, cross word puzzles, Red Grange, and

CHECK YOUR DIPLOMA

Are undergraduates today getting more from a Middlebury education than you received?

Does your diploma have less significance than one given in 1937?

After reading this article, will you write your answer. Three pages in the September *News Letter* are being saved for the replies.

Christmas Eve.

Sports were having a heyday too. Coach Morey and the football team were attaining national fame. Middlebury tied Harvard in 1923, 6-6 (and lost to U.V.M.) establishing a brag that no student in the next decade and a half was to be allowed to forget. As a still greater impetus a fund of \$65,000 had been established by Honorable A. Barton Hepburn "for the promotion of major sports," and had it been permitted by the President and trustees, Middlebury might easily have become one of the most famous football asylums in the country. However, the trend was cut short by the introduction of the one-year rule, which virtually barred sports recruiting, and the College affiliated itself with eleven others in a move to ban highly paid seasonal coaches. Emphasis was turned toward more ample outdoor athletic facilities for all. Nine tennis courts were built west of Hepburn Hall, an Outing Club was organized and a Carnival started in 1923 with an eye on eventually stealing some of the winter sports show from Dartmouth, and later new hockey rinks, a ski jump, a toboggan slide for women, a board track, and a new practice field were built. Freshman cross country and football, and varsity winter sports, golf, and indoor relay were added to the intercollegiate schedule and the intramural program took on nine new sports ranging from tennis and handball to badminton and touch football.

The Blue Baboon is dead—poor thing—but the picture magazines and the Sunday press still manage somewhere to find a pipe-smoking coed, collegiate disciples of *Esquire* and swing music, peasant kerchiefs, parkas, handies, and an undefeated football team. Is it possible that a 1924 diploma or mortar board could have the full significance of one in this year of our Lord?

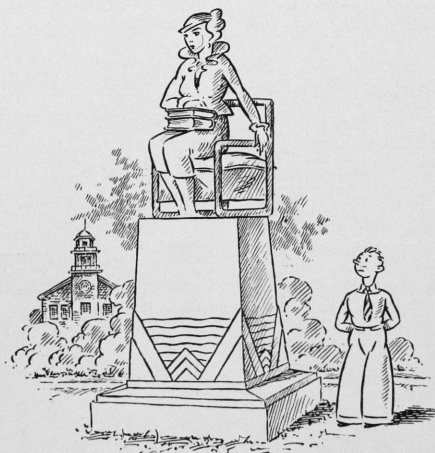
Between 1921 and 1937 there have been only two major upheavals at Middle-

bury, (1) the nationwide depression coming toward the end of the football season of 1929, (2) local comprehensive examinations put on a wholesale basis for all departments and all seniors four years ago. A statistician with a good deal of faith, grim humor and academic insight could trace to some economic, social, or technological event the cause for every uprising in departmental enrollment, but no one at Middlebury has these qualities in sufficient creative measure. Most undergraduates, for instance, have as little fondness for Hitler and his program in 1937 as they had for Kaiser Wilhelm and his program in 1915. During the War the enrollment in German fell from a high of 200* to a grand total of five. The German language was decreed forever dead. Yet this year when Hitler animosity reached a new peak the enrollment in the department jumped from 217 to 306. And just as if Spain were enjoying a lazy peace, the Spanish enrollment leaped from 112 to 204. Perhaps wars and rumors of wars are good advertising for languages this decade, but no statistician could, of course, overlook the fact that there was a major shift in ancient language requirements for A.B. aspirants and that the drop of Greek and Latin students is significant.

Likewise, one would expect the graph of Economics enrollment to run parallel to public interest in the depression and its effects. It does

—perhaps. The total of 306 both in '28-'29 and '29-'30 stretched to 528 in '31-'32, then gradually fell off to 293 last year, but was it the death of the brain trust or a pick-up in Wall Street that accounts for an increase of a full hundred this year?

The rise in social and political consciousness is undoubtedly responsible for the steady growth of the Sociology and Political Science departments but surely one would expect that students during the period would be seeking a philosophy to use as some sort of [Continued on page 21]



Alma Mater, 1937

*All figures are computed on semester enrollment. A student taking a year course would count as two.

On the Far Flung Dinner Front

Distance from the College has not interfered this year with keeping the Middlebury associations of many alumni and alumnae from growing cold, for over a thousand Middlebury people have gathered in various parts of the east and middle west to renew their contacts with Alma Mater.

President Moody and other representatives from the college have traveled thousands of miles to bring last-minute news of developments on the campus. The new motion pictures, in color, of College activities and surroundings have enabled many graduates to live over again their under-graduate years and see vividly something of the life in the College of today.

In addition to the dinners held earlier in the year in Troy, Philadelphia, and New York and previously reported in the *News Letter*, the recent series has included alumni gatherings in Montpelier, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Springfield, Utica, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago with the Connecticut dinner in Bridgeport scheduled at this writing for May 21.

President Moody's report on the state of the College was a feature of the program at nearly all of the dinners and Mr. Wiley, Secretary of the Associated Alumni, acted as commentator with the colored movies on nearly all occasions. Professor Ben H. Beck, coach of Middlebury's undefeated and untied football team of the 1936 season, furnished a special feature for the programs in Boston, Utica, Buffalo and Cleveland. Mr. Harry T. Emmons, Assistant Director of Admissions and Personnel, attended several of the meetings and Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Beck and Mrs. Wiley were among the guests of honor. Many prospective students were introduced to Middlebury through coming to the dinner as guests of alumni.

BOSTON: The Boston dinner was held at the Hotel Vendome on February 27, with district president, M. F. Shea, '15, presiding and Raymond Bosworth, '29, acting as toastmaster. Mr. J. Earle Parker, '01, Alumni Trustee-At-Large, spoke on alumni service to the College. The music was in charge of Harlow Russell, '24, and Miss Madeleine Gaylor, '22.

WASHINGTON: The special feature of the Washington dinner on March 15 was the attendance of Middlebury's oldest graduate, Mr. Edward W. Wilcox of the class of 1854, whose one hundred and two years did not prevent his coming all the way from Norfolk, Virginia. Ralph L. DeGroff, '25, president of the Washington district, presided and among the after-dinner speakers were Fred J. Bailey, '01, Congressman S. H. Pettengill, '08, and Dr. William Walter Husband who received an LL.D. from Middlebury in 1925. Mrs. Martha Meibert Miller, '10, as usual had charge of arrangements.

PHILADELPHIA: Dr. Daniel M. Shewbrooks, '09, presided at the Philadelphia dinner which was held on April 2, at the Sylvania Hotel. Lester E. Klimm, ex-'24, was elected president of the club to succeed Dr. Shewbrooks; Mrs. Victor Kemp, '28, vice-president; and Crawford V. Lance, '27, secretary-treasurer. Richard Cushing, '35, lead the singing.

MONTPELIER: Although nearer Middlebury it was found that there was great interest in the dinner scheduled for Montpelier and though something of an experiment, one hundred and fourteen showed their interest by attending. Governor and Mrs. Aiken and Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Wills graced the gathering and Middlebury's former president, Dr. John M. Thomas, '90, was one of the speakers. Dr. Dale S. Atwood, '13, acted as toastmaster.

Special features of the program were contributed by Miss Jeanette F. Burgess, '32, piano soloist, and a male quartet including Leon Sears, '34, Floyd Hinman, '31, Ralph Locke, '31 and a fourth member recruited from Boston University.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: District president, David H. Brown, '14, presided at the dinner held at Hotel Kimball in Springfield, Mass. on May 1, with Edward J. Ryan, '12, acting as toastmaster. Gerald Stanley Lee, '85, noted author ("Crowds," "Inspired Millionaires," etc.) contributed a special feature for the program and Mrs. Ruth Burnham Richards, '11, and her husband had designed favors involving a tiny replica of Gamaliel Painter's cane and a new verse for the song by that name, written especially for the occasion.

UTICA: The Rev. Julian M. Bishop, '22, acted as toastmaster, song leader, and accompanist for the dinner in Utica which was held on May 3, at the Hotel Martin, and was given a vote of confidence in the way of re-election as head of the group for the coming year in return for his successful management of the affair.

BUFFALO: In the absence of Robert L. Rice, '98, president of the association of western New York, Robert L. ("Shorty") Rice, Jr., '26, acted as toastmaster at the banquet held in the Hotel Touraine in Buffalo on May 4. Among the speakers were Judge T. H. Noonan, '91, S. B. Botsford, '00, and Dr. Calvert K. Mellen, HD '26. James McLeod, '26, led the singing. Linwood B. Law, '21, was elected president of the association, and Mrs. Dorothy Slayton Hunter, '23, was re-elected secretary.

CLEVELAND: The dinner of the Ohio association was held in Cleveland on May 5, at the Colonial Hotel, with Rev. Louis Greene, '18, presiding. Miss Prudence Fish, ex-'23, on sabbatical leave from the music department at Middlebury and studying at Oberlin this year, played for the singing of Middlebury songs which were led by A. Richard Chase, '36.

DETROIT: The Dearborn Inn was the scene of the meeting of the Detroit association with Mr. and Mrs. John Packard (Ruth M. Tupper, '27) as host and hostess. Mervin McCutcheon, '27, was the toastmaster with Alton ("Tink") Huntington, '27, furnishing the musical setting.

CHICAGO: The alumni of the Chicago district held their dinner at the LaSalle Hotel with special entertainment furnished by the hotel staff of the "Blue Fountain Room." Walter Barnum, '07, presided and B. W. Sherman, '09, and E. Parker Calvert, '31, candidates for the office of president to succeed Mr. Barnum, gave "electioneering" speeches with Mr. Sherman commenting particularly on the new history of Middlebury "Father Went to College" and commending it to the attention of all Middlebury people.

The Worcester County Alumnae Association joined the Boston group at a luncheon on May 8 at the Wellesley Country Club. Miss Ross was the guest speaker, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Simmons of the Boston group and Mrs. Marion Janes McIntosh of Worcester had charge of arrangements.

The Worcester Alumnae Association has announced that Irma Fitzgerald, '39, is winner of the Worcester Middlebury Alumnae scholarship given annually to a deserving Worcester County girl for outstanding ability, leadership and excellence of character. The committee on selection included Emeline Amidon, Mae Guerin and Gunhild Elfstrom, chairman.

HASTA EL CIELO

[Continued from page 7]

At three-thirty the next morning, I awoke with a start to the sound of banging shutters and talking in the street. What now! My heart beat almost audibly as I recalled stories of the nocturnal devilry of the Russian Revolutionists. I lay there listening and waiting. Heavy footsteps on the stairs, and then the door bell. It rang once, twice, and impatiently a third time, before the maid answered.

I sensed that my husband was awake, though neither of us spoke. After several interminable minutes the order was relayed to us that from now on we must sleep in lighted rooms—"government orders." At any hour of the day or night our movements could be watched. Patrolmen entered the house to spy on our neighbors across the way. Later they spied on us in like manner.

Our street was sandwiched in between a Fascist center and Communist headquarters. The residents of our particular neighborhood were for the most part old monarchists, now sympathetic with the Fascist cause, though remaining neutral in demonstrations. But neutrality in this government-controlled city was dangerous, and monarchical supporters were quietly disappearing every day. Even foreigners did not escape punishment. A young English reporter, questioned by a Communist, stated, with loyal allegiance to His Majesty, the King of England, that he was a monarchist. He was carried off to prison, and several days elapsed before the Consul could obtain his release.

We had learned by now that we were absolutely cut off from the outside world—no trains, no telegraph. We knew little about the rest of Spain. The radio informed us that the government had control of all provinces. Yet contradictory stories and inconsistent facts led us to doubt the truth of these reports. The few newspapers we secured stated that practically the entire peninsula was in the hands of the government. Battles were mentioned, but never defeats or loss of men. Our only source of reliable information was through a good friend who worked in the English Consulate. And thus we learned that the rebels were closing in toward Madrid, forming a circle around the central part of the country.

It was estimated that they were about forty miles north in the Guadarrama Mountains, and this was where the heavy fighting was taking place. A continuous stream of trucks and private cars, bearing fresh recruits, moved along the Paseo northward. Medical cars, armored trucks, and field artillery, joined the procession. Passing them, on the southward journey to the city, were the trucks filled with wounded men. Day and night this relay continued: brave men and women being carried to the front, to be wounded and brought home again. No estimates could be made of the dead who were never brought back.

No one could tell how long our isolation might last. On all sides we felt the resignation of the people to a long struggle. Food was getting scarce. There were no fresh fruits or vegetables. Milk and butter went to the hospitals. Grocery stores began to close as the stock of canned goods was cleared out. Socialists mobbed the stores, demanding food, and presenting in lieu of money, white slips of paper, saying that the government would pay later. A rifle overruled any objection on the part of the merchant. The owners of restaurants, cafés, and hotels, had the same delicate situation to accept or reject. Red flags draped over the doors of some, indicated cooperation with the ruling powers; broken windows and locked doors of others, signified the sad fate of the dissenter.

After a few days the feverish activity of the first week-end began to disappear. The city was under control. The streets were still patrolled, and "bristlers" were always in evidence; but the northward flow of traffic indicated that more serious matters were occupying the minds of the Madrileños. We had become very restless with our forced confinement, and seized the first opportunity to walk the streets again. We were warned to wear old clothes, and discard our "aristocratic" hats and neckties.

The first thing we did was to visit the American Consulate and enter our names on the register there. Had we been killed prior to that day, we should not have had the comfort of being officially dead!

The excursion to the American Consulate was like trying our wings for the first time. As we started out from our doorway we

heard a swish through the trees, a thud on the sidewalk, and there at our feet lay a machine-gun bullet. Just a warning from the skies not to be too bold!

We used the doorways as goal posts, fairly running between them, resting a bit in their protection, and then dashing for the next. On one dash we were halted for frisking. But the guards seemed to have lost their enthusiasm for the job, wearily feeling our pockets for weapons and waving us on. Farther along on our journey, others, perhaps new recruits, seemed inspired by their duty, and went about a most thorough and systematic check-up.

One young friend of ours declared that she received a veritable message on one occasion. Whereupon her friends complained in chorus, "We got gyped!"

During another hold-up we were confronted by a young armed laborer who didn't seem to know just what comprised his duty. (We could have given him explicit instructions.) My husband handed over his passport. His Excellency accepted it, and the page to which he opened at random happened to be an English visa, for 1933. He studied it intently, and after due consideration, handed it back. Apparently he was impressed by the pretty stamps, for he bowed us on our way.

Furthermore this situation became worse before it was better. Since the government needed more men at the front, the "youth" of Madrid were organized, and arms were issued to children as young as ten. These youngsters replaced their older brothers and sisters in guarding the streets. Guards had the authority to stop anyone, and to arrest or shoot any individual whom they considered hostile to the Republic. They were the judges. Obviously the judgment of a ten-year-old was not very reliable, and it was a bit unnerving to stand before a mere baby girl, who wielded a pistol, and gave orders to "put up your hands!"

Encouraged by our successful journey to the Consulate we ventured out again on the next afternoon, taking a street car as far as Calle Alcalá. The car was jammed, and I stood on the platform crowded in between dirty, bearded Socialists, with a gun pressing hard along my back. The center of the city seemed quite unfamiliar. Red flags were flying from all public buildings and churches. Cafés which we had frequented now bore the sign of the times: C. N. T. (Syndicalist Labor Union). Windows were bullet-ridden everywhere. Through the broken glass of the swanky Bellas Artes Club we saw soldiers, off duty, making themselves at home. The Palace and the Ritz hotels had been sacked, and taken over for the housing of the militia. The chef at the Ritz now cooked for the proletariat of Spain instead of the wealthy of Europe and America. Every available building had been taken over for hospitals, and Red Cross flags floated at every corner. Churches which had not been burned were now sheltering the wounded. The choking odor of ether and disinfectant filled the air. Bread lines stretched along the side streets. Some of these quarters we were told at the point of a gun not to enter. Children with tin cans asked for money for the Red Cross. Others asked for contributions for the Popular Front. We could not refuse the first; we dared not refuse the latter.

That evening we received word that the Embassies were calling in all their nationals. There was a rumor from reliable sources that the rebels were planning a bombardment of the city that night. As I look back on it now, it seems ridiculous, but at the time it appeared serious. So we, with many other Americans, invaded the Embassy that evening.

We arrived very late—too late to secure beds. Only "reserved seats" remained. However, after all my sister citizens had settled themselves comfortably, or uncomfortably, on mattresses, divans, and chairs, I spied a pile of Oriental rugs rolled up in moth balls. Pulling a rug here and another there, I hollowed out a very comfortable, though fragrant nest, and lay down to await the bombardment.

About three o'clock in the morning a terrific fusillade awakened everyone. Many, I believe, echoed my thoughts, "Here they come!" I felt glad that whatever was to happen would soon be over. But it was a false alarm. In a few moments the street was quiet again, and nothing save the snores of a near neighbor broke the silence of the night.

Day dawned upon a bewildered group of American citizens. Why were we here? Should we stay? How long was this suspense to last? The second question was answered for some by the Consul's advice to remain at the Embassy. We made no plans, but acted

according to the sketchy bulletins which the Embassy was able to issue concerning the situation outside Madrid.

Under the excellent direction of Consul, Secretaries, and volunteer help, the American colony soon swung into army routine. All of us were inoculated against typhoid, for the bodies at the Barracks were still unburied. Water had to be boiled. In due time all the women were provided with mattresses which covered the floor of the Ambassador's Ballroom. The men outside had beds! But they were minus their mattresses, and only a blanket relieved the pressure of the springs.

Privacy was at a premium. This gregarious type of living must have been a shocking experience for some very fastidious people. Two bejewelled young ladies, bearing the stamp of sophistication, arrived at the Embassy one day, and announced, "We'll take two rooms and a bath please." Two very fine mattresses were assigned to them. These girls also inquired whether they should dress for dinner. This was answered by their first meal, taken standing with the rest of us, in the basement kitchens. But they, like everyone else, soon slipped into the spirit of cooperation. I later saw one of these girls sweeping the floor of the Rotunda.

At first the meals discouraged even the strongest of us. They were of necessity slim. With no supplies coming into the city, with all the Madrid housekeepers, soldiers, hospitals and foreign Embassies trying to secure food, volunteers scoured the metropolis each day in search of provisions. The piles of cans in the storeroom gradually grew higher and higher. But how long was this isolation to last? How long would the Embassy have to feed one hundred and fifty people from these supplies? It might be days, it might be weeks. Obviously, the prudent policy was to dole out meager portions of soup, macaroni, and beans, until conditions in the city should change. We were war refugees, and as such, should not expect high living. Suggestions were welcomed, but criticisms were not tolerated.

One morning I overheard a conversation between an army officer, also a refugee, and a dapper middle-aged American traveler, who apparently had been reported as "dissatisfied with the management." The conversation was one-sided, however, as the officer was informing "His Nibs" in no uncertain terms that if he didn't like Uncle Sam's war-time hospitality, he could get out!

The days were long and boring. We grasped at opportunities to assist in the work. Almost every woman had either knitting or sewing, and books and magazines were passed from one to another. Bridge groups were formed in the garden, but soon broke up. A clever finesse would be interrupted by a volley of shots a few yards away, and everyone would dash for cover.

Gossip was, unfortunately, the popular sport, though authorities did a good job in curbing the "they say's" and the "did you hear's". If news of the war was slow to trickle in, busy-bodies invented some to pass on. Imaginative souls embroidered atrocity stories to rival Bluebeard's.

After a few days, we began to leave the Embassy grounds frequently. We would always "sign out," meaning that we left at our own risk, and that the U. S. Government was absolved from all responsibility. We were given arm-bands denoting our nationality. These were always respected. On one occasion they even served as a pass on a street-car, though we had offered to pay.

Because of our freedom in the streets we soon concluded that the rebels were not as dangerously near as first reports had indicated. Furthermore, another interesting rumor was circulated, to the effect that the railroad line to Valencia was entirely under government control, and would soon be reopened. We talked of evacuation, and hung around the office of the Embassy waiting for encouraging reports. After the trains had resumed their scheduled runs, there followed several days of fruitless efforts to arrange an international train. The Spanish government could not, or would not, provide a special train. Nor would it arrange for extra coaches.

Exactly one week after our invasion of the Embassy, we left Madrid for Valencia on a regular night train. By making this ten-hour trip at night, we could be met and conveyed to the boat by daylight. We were assured that the U. S. cruiser "Quincy" would be waiting for us in Valencia harbor.

We arrived at the railway station in Madrid three hours before train time. People of every nationality were milling about excitedly. Natives, who had arrived early in the afternoon, slept on the concrete floor, with their clumsy packs as pillows.

Buying a ticket in Spain is a most impressive ceremony in normal

times. Under such unusual circumstances we feared complications. At an early hour a line had formed before the one ticket-window which would not open until one hour before train time. But for an Interpreter, we might still be waiting. He promised to have tickets for us in an hour's time. Before we had finished our dinner, he returned smiling, with everything in order. Following on the heels of our benefactor, we were able to go through the gates to the train, without undergoing the exacting inspection visited upon all others. No amount of money could have expressed our gratitude, but he wouldn't accept a centimo!

One or two little incidents, aside from the general discomfort, stand out in my memory of that night. First is the young Spanish boy, who had reserved a seat on the floor opposite our compartment. Soon after we had left Madrid, he produced a loaf of hard native bread, a pocketknife, and a bottle of red wine. Before starting his meal, he offered, in true Spanish style, to share it with any or all of his neighbors. Between bites he whistled Ravel's "Bolero." He would break off his tune to munch another crust of bread, and then pick up the melody where he had dropped it. The interminable composition and the vast proportions of his loaf lasted him throughout the long night.

About three in the morning, when the moon was setting, the train stopped somewhere on the plains of Don Quixote's kingdom. Loud groans in the corridor indicated that someone was being disturbed or stepped on. Suddenly, looming in our doorway, stood a robust gentleman wearing an enormous belt of knives. A knife salesman at three A. M.! What war refugee would be interested in buying a jackknife! Little did I know those Spaniards. A sale was made to the disciple of Ravel.

At dawn I awoke from a little nap to find, peacefully resting on my left shoulder, a young architect with whom I had struck up a brief acquaintance earlier in the night. On my right shoulder, also peacefully slumbering, was a young man whom I had known by sight all summer but never spoken to. On the other side of him was my husband, in turn using a stranger's shoulder for a pillow.

Valencia was a welcome sight to us, for it meant the last chapter in a trying experience. But the city of Valencia did not offer a cheerful aspect. A general strike had paralyzed every phase of life there. A skirmish in the streets ended just a short time before our arrival. Sandbag barricades were thrown up across many of the avenues. It would have been a discouraging picture if we had been alone. But there on the outer platform of the station stood the Commander and several officers of the "Quincy," welcoming us with broad smiles. The Telephone Company's truck was on hand to carry our baggage. Escorted by the Consul's car, flying the American flag, we walked en masse through the silent, deserted streets to a nearby hotel, opened especially for our use. There the proprietor and his family did their best to serve one hundred Americans a semblance of two meals, breakfast and lunch.

One small bus and two assault guards had been secured by the Valencia Consul to take us to the pier, some three miles away. With seats for only a dozen, and two of these occupied by los asaltos, the transfer developed into an afternoon's job. The bus was unable to get up much speed, and several times en route sputtered awhile, then stopped altogether. After a little coaxing the vehicle crawled on, winding in and around complex barricades.

The pier and harbor presented scenes of furious activity. Outside the breakwater our American cruiser lay at anchor. A short distance from her a British warship flashed silvery in the sunlight. An Italian flag floated from the stern of another man-of-war, and to the left the tricolors of France completed the international circle.

A long process of checking and rechecking kept us standing in line several hours. The customs officials were particularly interested in money, and would have been delighted to prove that we were carrying out too much. My husband had nothing but Spanish money, and was soon dubbed the "Peseta King." All too quickly we learned that no one outside the peninsula wanted pesetas. We landed in Marseille rich, but penniless.

A few beggars accompanied us from the customs building to the pier, desperately making the most of the last moments. The exodus of the foreigners meant the end of their profitable business.

A very old woman, wrinkled and toothless, laughed and cried simultaneously as an American snapped her picture and handed her a coin.

Small children playing with stones and sea-shells were building barricades across the sidewalk nearby.

Little boys, grown old in a few weeks time, followed us enviously as we hastened in the direction of our boat. They kept repeating one word over and over again, "Refugees, refugees." That meant us. It meant freedom.

Pushing our way through a throng of curious Communists lining the steps of the pier, we descended into the launch of the "Quincy." The fisted salute, and the waving of rifles was their gesture of farewell. As we cleared the breakwater, the sound of their voices still rang in the air, "Viva la república."

That evening, standing on American soil, so to speak, I watched the sun set over the "castles in Spain." Shattered castles and shattered dreams were all that remained now for this romantic, colorful country. The Dance of Death was now the dance of each caballero and each gay señorita. They would fight to the finish, these determined people. I thought of our friends beyond the purple mountains, and repeated to myself the last words of Señora, as we took leave of her in Madrid, "Hasta el cielo." (We shall meet in heaven.)

MR. JONES PICKS A COLLEGE

[Continued from page 3]

laugh at the good old ideas. Wants boys from nice homes. Your kid might like it if his nose twitches when the incense pot passes by."

By this time Mr. Jones, who had been downing his ale-drink rapidly, was becoming more and more sketchy in his comments.

"And there's Bow-doin or Bo-dun or what you want," he continued. "Somebody famous went there—either Longfellow or Rudy Vallee or was it Eddie Cantor? No, he went to Yale. Greatest drawback to that college is nobody can pronounce its name. Lots of spirit up there though. Boys still put banners on the walls and get high blood pressure when there's a debate with Bates. Yowie! That was a good one! Bates debates! Debated debates at Bates! And mind you Bates isn't bad either. Nobody can keep Bow-bow . . . oh hell! you know the rest, and Bates and Colby and Maine untangled only you can't pronounce one name and one of them has a stein song."

Mr. Jones rendered the Maine lyric amid loud cheers from the other tavernists. But my friend persisted that Junior didn't seem to have found his spiritual home yet. He was only five of course but growing fast.

"Aren't there any more colleges in New England where my little boy can go?" he asked plaintively. Mr. Jones got off the table and assured him that there were plenty of others.

"Sure! Sure! There's Middlebury. Send him up there if he's the kind who can't stand the gay lights of Harvard-Yale. Coeducational of course but the girls aren't bad. Up in the hills in a little town. Not so crazy about musing St. Bernards as Dartmouth is. Nice long walks in the snowcovered moonlight with a wholesome pal of a girl. They sing 'Jingle bells' as the Senior class song. He'll marry a girl who'll wear ground-gripper shoes and go in for handicrafts and social service, but she'll be kind to the cat. Safe, sound place—Middlebury. Restful and full of high thinking and clean living. Junior'll like it if he reads *The Atlantic Monthly*.

"Then there's Boston University—the Columbia of the North, or the Champlain Athens at University of Vermont. And there's an University of New Hampshire somewhere, and he could learn to shoot and ride at Norwich, and there may be two or three other places somewhere that I've forgotten this minute, but I'll remember 'em, for I won't let you down brother, never in all the world. Junior's just like a son of mine, you haven't a picture of him, have you?"

My friend had four. Mr. Jones admired them, and then felt called upon to sing a song of his own composing: "The Crimson Bulldog from Old Nassau Bit the Madermerzell from Armentears." He couldn't quite make it, and we picked him up. He opened one eye and in a fruity, pontifical voice announced: "Always like this—legs give out—can't stand—always a clear mind—limpid and crystal—acute judgments. Ask me anything about colleges—just ask me. Answer'll make Solomon sound like Gracie Allen's brother."

My friend managed to sob out: "Where'll I send Junior?"

Mr. Jones opened the other eye and his voice had a note of impatience:

"Oh, my suffering aunt! Haven't I spent all evening telling you? Send him anywhere. They're all alike, only they don't know it."

CHECK YOUR DIPLOMA

[Continued from page 17]

concrete base for the sociology, economics, and technology. Then why the slump from 178 the year of the crash to 98 in '34-'35?

Practically any sweeping generalization one attempts to make on how contemporary events effect course enrollment comes back in a boomerang arc of disagreement at the department from which the generalization originated.

We've all cried that short funds and ponderous economic problems have given students a new seriousness of purpose and intellectual curiosity since 1929. Now we begin to wonder. Was your diploma backed by more seriousness and intellectual curiosity than the 134 that are to be handed out this June?

If there is a new seriousness at Middlebury, comprehensive examinations are at least partly responsible. Correlation of knowledge is a major trend among the more progressively conservative colleges, and Middlebury started on the road with this new system. It was inaugurated in 1928 by Dr. Freeman in the French department and is now standard in all departments. Before graduating a student has to synthesize all the material covered in his major field and pass oral and written examinations on it. Accumulation of knowledge is valuable only to the extent that it is integrated. Should there be a discount on the value of your diploma on that score?

Middlebury has changed. The Château has been built, the Music Studio and Forest Hall. The women have a real foods laboratory now with complete electrical equipment, popular Home Management House and a Cooperative House, and evidently an increasing interest in homemaking; they have a "field house," and organized extra-curricular sports including riding, golf, skating, modern dancing, skiing, and camp craft. The College is no longer coeducational. It offers but one degree. There's a full-time college nurse. 90% of the men are participating in the new intramural sports program. Hell week is gone. Year courses have been substituted largely for semester ones. Upper classes have voluntary class attendance privileges and there is a lower class Dean's list. A new cooperative plan with M.I.T. has been launched for the scientists. A new Contemporary Civilization course is required of all freshmen. A Drama and Public Speaking department under Professor Goodreds is producing plays that really matter. The endowment of the college since 1921 has more than doubled, listed now at four million. Dean Hazeltine claims that an entirely different type of student is now entering Middlebury, that teaching is no longer their principal interest.

Recently Dr. Bryant was queried on how times have changed his department. Perhaps an honest generalization applicable to other fields could be risked from his reply: "There has been little external appearance of change in the department of Physics during the last fifteen years. As the College has grown, classes have increased in size, compelling the separation of some into two divisions, and the employment of an assistant.

"The yearly departmental appropriation has made possible a steady increase in the apparatus equipment, which has added greatly to the efficiency of our work.

"The internal difference between the work in the department today and that of fifteen years ago is in the content of courses having the same titles and descriptions now as then. This is due to the great advancement of knowledge along all lines of physical science. Information once considered of first importance is being pushed into the background, serving now as the foundation upon which the more recent knowledge is based."

Does your diploma have the full significance of one given in 1937? Can an education, after all, be reckoned in terms of courses taken, college equipment, the number of specialists on the faculty, successful football teams, variety in extra-curricular activities, quality or quantity teaching? Or does college return to you like measure for what you take to it? Are undergraduates today getting more from Middlebury than you received? We would like your answer.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

Edited by THE ALUMNI SECRETARY

1876

CHARLES L. LINSLEY died April 23, 1937 at Bellows Falls, Vt.
EDWARD DANA died at Leesburg, Florida, February 12, 1937.

1879

REV. JOHN W. CHAPMAN recently celebrated the 50th anniversary of his ordination in St. Stephen's Church, Middlebury, in 1887. He served forty-three years as a missionary in Alaska and is now warden of the Church Army Training School, in 14th Street, New York City.

REV. SIDNEY HARRIS died at his home in Pantton, February 12, 1937.

1889

Word has been received of the death of ROBERT M. COLLINS in Bournemouth, England on March 30, 1937.

GEORGE H. KELTON. Address: Bedford, Mass.

1890

HARRIETTE E. BOLTON is assistant secretary of the Women's Rest Tour Association. Address: 11 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.

DR. JOHN M. THOMAS has been re-elected head of the Vermont Horticultural Society.

1891

EZRA W. BENEDICT died March 18, 1937 at Fair Haven, Vermont.

1894

REV. FRANK H. BIGELOW died March 19, 1937 at Wilmington, Delaware.

DR. HENRY L. STICKNEY is chief medical officer at the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Togus, Maine.

1895

CHARLES R. DUNTON. Address: Inness Park, Tarpon Springs, Fla.
DR. WALTER S. GRANT died April 10, 1937 in Brooklyn, New York.

1901

LEICESTER F. BENTON, JR. is a state highway engineer. Address: 63 Towne Street, Norwich, Conn.

1903

JAMES M. WRIGHT. Address: 2335½ Dartmouth Ave., No., St. Petersburg, Fla.

GEORGE M. JAMES died December 24, 1936.

1904

FLORENCE BEMIS. Address: 2337 Portland St., Los Angeles, California.

MRS. A. C. PILGER (HELEN REED). Address: Batavia, N. Y.

CLARK D. SIMONDS. Address: 2183 N. W. Northrop St., Portland, Oregon.

1908

MRS. GEORGE L. CHAMBERLAIN (PEARL FULLER). Address: R. D. No. 2, Cooperstown, N. Y.

ANNIE I. GERRY is an instructor in social case work, department of sociology, at University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska. Home Address: 1626 N Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

1911

JUDGE WALTER H. CLEARY has been appointed as a member of the commission to investigate and study the needs of state institutions and the welfare system of the state of Vermont.

1912

KATHERINE McCORMICK. Address: 670 Liberty St., Springfield, Mass.

1915

MRS. THEODORE H. OCKELS (MARGARET MILLS). Address: 238 W. Palm Ave., Orange, Calif.

THOMAS H. ORMSBEE is the author of a recently published book "If You're Going to Live in the Country!"

ALDO A. RATTI. Address: 116 So. Brady Street, DuBois, Penn.
A son was born March 8 to MR. AND MRS. IRWIN KENDALL (LAURA E. WALBRIDGE).

1916

ALLEN P. LOGAN is a chemist with the Shellmar Products Company, Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Home Address: 403 E. Burgess St., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

DR. ARTHUR W. SHEA. Address: 4518 Walsh St., Chevy Chase, Maryland.

1917

ROBERT H. BRUCE. Address: 77 Union St., Milford, N. H.

1919

MRS. DEXTER A. HATHAWAY (GERTRUDE R. BURDITT). Address: Pittsford, Vt.

MILDRED I. TAYLOR is a supervisor of public health nursing. Address: 1105 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Washington, D. C.

REV. LEON M. ADKINS has been transferred from the Methodist Church of Delmar, New York to the First Methodist Church of Schenectady, N. Y.

MRS. G. S. MCKINNEY (RUTH CLOUGH) is teaching at the Bay-side High School, Bayside, Queens, New York. Home address: Mastic Beach, N. Y.

1920

MRS. W. H. HEYWOOD, JR. (GERTRUDE MOORE). Address: 106 Dorian Apts., Aberdeen, South Dakota.

RUTH F. FARWELL. Address: 37 North Walnut St., East Orange, N. J.

MRS. SEWARD R. BOLLES (RUTH BALL). Address: 2720 Collingwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

ROBERT B. BROWN died January 17, 1937.

RALPH E. SINCERBOX. Address: Care of General Electric Supply Corp., 585 Hudson Street, New York City.

A daughter, Judith, was born to MR. AND MRS. CLESSON W. PARKER on July 6, 1936.

1921

REV. CECIL PLUMB has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Boston, Mass. Address: 147 I Street, Boston, Mass.

RONALD J. DARBY has accepted the principalship of the Northampton, Mass. High School and will begin his duties in September.

1922

MR. AND MRS. R. J. NORTON are parents of a son born March 15, 1937.

MRS. MARION C. ZELLER (MARION H. CRATHERN). Address: 61 Jones Street, Manchester, N. H.

1923

MRS. CHARLES F. ALLEN, JR. (MARY V. BUTTON). Address: 33 Warren St., Salem, Mass.

GUILFORD M. AUSTIN. Address: Care of Carolina Portland Cement Company, Jacksonville, Florida.

CHESTER R. CORSON. Address: 4 Jones St., New York City.

1924

MRS. FREDERICK R. PITTS (LILY J. AXTON). Address: 3179 Porter St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

PAUL O. HASTINGS was recently admitted to the New York bar.

CLARENCE H. BOTSFORD and Mrs. Botsford announce the birth of a son, William Henry, on March 14, 1937.

1925

ARTHUR H. CONNOR is employed as a highway engineer. Address: Division of Highways, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MRS. ERNEST ADAMS (EVELYN S. PLUMLEY). Address: 187 Grove St., Wellesley, Mass.

LOUISE BARNARD married Mr. Russell M. Look on February 6, 1937. Address: 145 60th Street, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

PHYLLIS M. CRANE. Address: 1167 Cheltenham Avenue, Pasadena, California.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1926

Stuart Douglas, second son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Purdy (Dorothy Douglas, '22), was born April 4, 1937. Address: Smith Ridge, New Canaan, Conn.

JAY AUDREY CLARK. Address: 35-56 79th St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Mrs. HARALD TOPKEN (HELEN LINDQUIST). Address: 305 Fisher Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

CHARLES I. WRIGHT is engaged in pharmacological research at the National Institute of Health, Washington, D. C.

A daughter, Jane Howard, was born August 19, 1936 to Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE GORDON (ELIZABETH HOWARD). This was incorrectly reported in a recent number of the News Letter as a son, James Howard.

REV. EDWARD S. HICKCOX has accepted a pastorate in Bradford, Vermont.

ROBERT S. PLUEGER has become a member of the firm of Slabaugh, Seiberling, Huber & Guinther with offices at 330 Second National Building, Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. JAMES M. GWIN (HELEN WOODWORTH). Address: 1113 Eldridge Ave., West Collingswood, N. J.

A second daughter, Adrienne, was born to REV. and Mrs. JAMES C. McLEOD on September 27, 1936.

MILO LATHROP. Address: The Pawling School, Pawling, New York.

MURRAY HOYT. Address: Owl's Head Harbor, Vergennes, Vt.

1927

HOWARD W. CUTLER. Address: 2051 West Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. GILBERT E. ADAMS (HARRIET M. PARKER). Address: High Street, Dalton, Mass.

Mrs. RAYMOND F. HIBBERT (ZELLA COLE). Address: 232 N. Genesee St., Waukegan, Ill.

Mrs. EUGENE D. WARREN (HAZEL ABBOTT). Address: 20 Academy St., Hallowell, Maine.

The engagement of Miss Barbara Hawyard to CLYDE CREASER has been announced.

JOHN S. DINKEL. Address: 1131 Broadview Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

1928

A daughter, Margaret Ann, was born March 19, 1937, to Mrs. CHARLES RICE (MARGARET MOODY).

Mrs. SAMUEL G. STONEY (FRANCES FROST) has been living this winter in Summerville, S. C. Mrs. Stoney has out a new volume of poems, "Road to America," recently published by Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., N. Y. She and Mr. Stoney will be this summer again at the McDowell Colony, Peterborough, N. H.

EUNICE C. SMITH married Mr. Clifford Williams on December 25, 1936. Address: Chester Depot, Vt.

GEORGE HARRIS, JR. Address: 40 Horton St., Malverne, N. Y. A daughter, Marguerite Palmer, was born November 14, 1936 to Mr. and Mrs. EDWARD DENOYON (HELEN E. BRADLEY).

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. HAWLEY (EDITH MARKWELL) announce the birth of a second son, Peter Michael, November 29, 1936.

A son named Paul Sargent has been born to Mr. and Mrs. LEONARD DONAHUE (LOUISE SARGENT).

Mrs. VICTOR B. COLE (LAURA F. KENNEDY). Address: 4034 Bonsall Ave., Drexel Hill, Penn.

MARY E. MOODY is a kindergarten director at Illinois State Normal University.

ALICE FALES. Address: Saranac Apartments, 5541 Everett Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES MALAM has sold this year his one-act play, which won second prize in the Swift contest in 1928, "The Second Time," to the Walter H. Baker Play Co. of Boston.

1929

Mrs. WARREN N. DOUBLEDAY (SIGRID MANTY). Address: 345 Marlboro St., Keene, N. H.

KATHERINE HODGES. Address: Ozone Park, Long Island, N. Y.

MR. and Mrs. RICHARD A. LOBBAN (DOROTHY DIETZ). Address: 78 Mountain Ave., Summit, New Jersey.

Mrs. J. PALMER PRESCOTT (LARA T. WHEATON). Address: Willowcroft, Tamworth, New Hampshire.

RUTH B. KENNEY. Address: 29 Belmont Ave., Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. HAROLD LLOYD (HELEN HAASE). Address: 11 Gorham Ave., Hamden, Conn.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of BARBARA LANGWORTHY to Mr. FRANCIS E. DAY. Address: 73 Main St., Montpelier, Vt.

Mrs. MORRIS RASUMNY (MARGARET BOYDEN). Address: Morton, Penn.

Word has been received of the birth of a daughter, Laura Spaulding, to Mr. and Mrs. MICHAEL TRAVERS (THELMA GATES).

DR. PAUL R. VAN ESS is a chemist with the Shell Development Co., Emeryville, Calif. Address: 50 Glen Ave., Oakland, Calif.

DAVID F. WELLS is general manager of Station KRKO. Home Address: 2501 Wetmore Ave., Everett, Wash.

HENRY M. WESTON is an insurance executive. Address: 54 Washington St., Keene, N. H.

DAVID H. MACLEAN is a salesman with the Mohawk Petroleum Company of Bakersfield, Calif.

EDWIN A. BEDELL. Address: Apt. 4014-B, Fort Peck, Montana.

1930

DR. BURTON S. MARSH is an intern at Holy Name Hospital, Teaneck, N. J.

J. WARD RYAN is an accountant with the American Water Works and Electric Company, New York City. Address: 7200 Ridge Blvd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILLIAM C. MORRISON is an instructor at the McDonogh School, McDonogh, Maryland.

J. EDWIN DANIELS is a salesman for the Kendall Mills, Philadelphia, Penn. Address: Apt. 2A, 625 Vernon Road, Philadelphia, Penn.

DR. GEORGE W. DAVIS. Address: 167 Massachusetts Ave., Providence, R. I.

MARGUERITE E. BROWN. Address: 125 W. Cliff St., Somerville, N. J.

Mrs. RAYMOND ORTS (HAZEL DOWNING). Address: 27 Henry St., Southampton, L. I., New York.

MIRIAM A. TURNER is a medical technician at Cottage Hospital. Address: 50 Ridge Road, Grosse Point Farms, Michigan.

MR. and Mrs. W. JANNEY HULL (HELEN SIMPSON) announce the birth of a daughter, Barbara Leilani, on October 29, 1936. Address: P. O. Box No. 2062, Honolulu, T. H.

BLANCHE EMORY. Address: Box A, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

WALTER E. POTTER is associated with Lever Brothers Soap Co., Boston, Mass. Address: Thesda St., Arlington, Mass.

Mrs. WILLIAM HUNSBERGER (ORPHA BROWN). Address: 124 E. Prospect St., Wadsworth, Ohio.

RICHARD P. MILLER is assistant to the manager of the Rochester, New York Community Chest. Address: 70 North Water St., Rochester, N. Y.

FORREST J. SPOONER is business manager of the Leake and Watts Home School. Address: 463 Hawthorne Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

1931

PROF. and Mrs. JOSEPH THOMAS (CAROLINE BALMER) are parents of a daughter, Sarah Jean, born January 3, 1937.

CLAYTON R. LEWIS is connected with the Research Work of the Engineering Dept. of the Chrysler Corporation. Address: 230 Rosedale Ct., Detroit, Mich.

Twin sons were born to Dr. and Mrs. ALLAN E. PARKER (ALICE HEYWOOD) on December 14, 1936.

FREDERIC H. WOOSTER is transit man on pole line surveys with the Central Vermont Public Service Corporation, Rutland, Vt. Address: 56 Grove St., Rutland, Vt.

CHARLES R. NICHOLS is music instructor at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

WILLIAM KENNETH COX is teaching at the Johnson City High School, Johnson City, New York.

RICHARD M. GORDON. Address: Suite 400, Reynold's Circade, Rochester, N. Y.

MIRIAM L. HASSELTINE is a representative for the New York Telephone Company. Address: 619 S. Crouse Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

EDWARD P. CALVERT is supervisor of expense and costs of the Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company, 231 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

EDMUND C. BRAY. Address: 16 Sherwin Terrace, Framingham, Mass.

MAYNARD C. ROBINSON is assistant manager of the Guaranty Loan Plan, Inc. at Greenfield, Mass. Address: 395 Federal St., Greenfield, Mass.

MR. AND MRS. E. PARKER CALVERT announce the birth of a son, John Frederick, born April 23, 1937.

1932

The engagement of VIRGINIA COLEY to KINGSLEY SMITH, '33, has been announced.

JOHN STORM has a position with the Proctor & Gamble Distributing Company of New York.

CLARENCE A. LILLY. Address: Pomeroy Ave., Pittsfield, Mass. Starting July 1, Dr. APPLETON C. WOODWARD will be an intern at Quincy City Hospital, Quincy, Mass.

HAROLD C. MONROE has a position in the circulation department of the Sterling Memorial Library of Yale University. Address: 849 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn.

1933

MARION E. HOLMES has accepted a position in the office of the registrar of Middlebury College.

ALICE L. HEALD is teaching French and Latin in the high school at Littleton, N. H.

FRANKLIN BUTLER is teaching at the Asheville School, Asheville, North Carolina.

Announcement has been received of the engagement of FREDERICK BRINK to Miss Doris Lippincott.

MR. AND MRS. WARREN G. GOODRICH (BARBARA PERKINS ex-'35) announce the birth of a daughter, Carolyn, on April 11, 1937.

MRS. LYSLE HOUGHTON (DORIS BARNARD). Address: 100 30th St., Woodcliff, New Jersey.

ALICE WASHBURN is studying at the University of Illinois. Address: 1104 West California Street, Urbana, Illinois.

HERBERT C. JOHN is a salesman for International Business Machines Company. Address: 717 Linden Street, Scranton, Penn.

JOHN T. RULISON is connected with the art department of Brown & Tarcher, advertisers. Address: 454 West 112 St., New York City

ROLLIN E. PRATT is an insurance claims adjuster. Address: 1805 Congress Bldg., Miami, Fla.

MRS. WILLIAM L. WALLING, JR. (JANETTE PHELPS). Address: 150 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RUTH I. MCKINNON is teaching English in Plymouth, New Hampshire High School.

LEIGH INGERSOLL is a sugar analyst for United Maple Products, Ltd. Address: 55 E. State St., Montpelier, Vt.

MRS. J. T. RULISON (ALICE DENIO). Address: 270 W. 11th St., N. Y. C. Apt. 3E.

1934

PHELPS N. SWETT, JR. Address: Sears, Roebuck & Co., Concord, N. H.

NORMAN L. MELBYE. Address: 25 Harvard St., Natick, Mass.

THOMAS R. NOONAN has been appointed student assistant in physiology in the Medical School of the University of Buffalo, and is also the editor of the school paper "Medentian."

MRS. ROBERT D. YOUNG (MARGERY PLUE). Address: Orwell, Vt.

RICHARD R. SMITH is an ensign in the U.S. Coast Guard. Home address: 89 Rosemary St., New London, Conn.

ALICE SUNDERLAND was married in New York on February 4, to the Rev. Thomas P. Simpson. Address: 1405 Overton St., Old Hickory, Tenn.

WARNER S. WRIGHT. Address: 53 Washington Square, South, New York City.

EDWARD L. LABOUNTY is an educational adviser of 279th Company, Camp S-91, North Brookfield, New York.

TOIVO R. AALTO is a chemist with the Heyden Chemical Corporation, Garfield, New Jersey. Address: Y.M.C.A., Passaic, N.J.

THELMA CROFT is assistant cafeteria director of the Y.W.C.A. at Wilmington, Delaware. Address: 908 King St., Wilmington, Del.

NELSON BEEBE is teaching mathematics and science at the Fonda, N. Y., High School.

FREDERICK L. WEAVER is teaching and coaching in Waverly High School. Address: 13 Tioga St., Waverly, N. Y.

1935

ELLIS K. HAINES is now employed by the Carnegie Illinois Steel Company in Chicago. Home address: 6239 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LAEL SARGENT has a position at Long Lane Farm in Middletown, Conn.

JAMES S. BROCK is an insurance claim adjuster with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co. Address: 25 North St., Rochester, N. Y.

KENNETH W. RUDD is employed by the Connecticut Company in the office of the Vice President and General Manager located at 129 Church St., New Haven, Conn.

JOHN H. BLAKE is a graduate student at Cornell. Address: R. F. D. No. 2, Forest Home Drive, Ithaca, New York.

RICHARD W. CUSHING is a floorman for W. T. Grant Company. Address: 2300 N. Front St., Philadelphia, Penn.

MARGERY HANCHETT. Address: Calle C No. 40 Altos, Buen Retiro, Marianao, Cuba.

1936

JAMES E. ROBERTS has a position as claim adjuster with the Travelers Insurance Co. at Worcester, Mass. and attends Northeastern University Law School. Address: 7 Judson Rd., Worcester, Mass.

HARRIS WELLS is employed by the First National Bank of Boston and lives at a settlement house on Marginal Street, East Boston, where he does part time work in the evenings. Address: Marginal Street Center, East Boston, Mass.

GEORGE H. DANIELS. Address: Bergstrasse 53, Heidelberg, Germany.

LAURENCE F. LEETE is assistant traffic manager for the New England Tel. & Tel. Co. Address: 115 Appelon St., Lowell, Mass.

LOUISE HUBBARD. Address: College Mt. Montmorency, 15 Rue Henry Heine, Paris 16, France.

JOHN M. AVERY. Address: 2046 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

RUSSELL A. CLARK. Address: The Vermont Marble Company, 228 No. Lasalle Street, Chicago, Ill.

MAVIS C. JONES is employed as a social worker. Address: 35 North Pine Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

RICHARD O. FORBUSH is employed by the Jones and Lamson Machine Company. Address: 32 Reed Street, Springfield, Vt.

ALAN H. KETCHAM. Address: 6336 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARTHA E. BUCKLIN was married in February to Mr. Robert E. Van Buskirk.

PETER NEWTON. Address: Fairfield Hotel, Wynberg, Cape Province, South Africa.

FREDERICK K. NASH is employed as a record clerk and time keeper in New Orleans, La. Address: 1726 Tulane Ave., New Orleans, La.

HELEN E. BAKER. Address: 80 School St., Concord, N. H.

ELWOOD HOXIE. Address: 269 Beale St., Wollaston, Mass.

On nomination of the teaching staff of the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University, JACK STEELE was appointed as an alternate to receive a Pulitzer traveling scholarship valued at \$1500.

RUTH SCHAEFFER is studying at the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, Mich.

MARJORIE McCANN is secretary to the superintendent of Welcome House, a preventative home for delinquent girls, sponsored by the Florence Crittendon League at Jamaica Plain, Mass.

HOWARD CADY has accepted a position in the Editorial Department of the Macmillan Company in New York City.